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# WESTCHESTER COUNTY HISTORICAL PAGEANT

## The Book of the WORDS



The Arms of Jonas Bronck.

NE·CEDE·MALIS

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# THE BOOK OF THE WORDS

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*"O for a muse of fire, that would ascend*
*The brightest heaven of invention!*
*A Kingdom for a stage, princes to act.*
*And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!*
*. . . . . But, pardon, gentles all!*
*And let us . ,*
*On your imaginary forces work:*
*. . . . . .*
*Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts,*
*Into a thousand parts divide one man,*
*And make imaginary puissance:*
*. . . . . jumping o'er times;*
*Turning the accomplishment of many years*
*Into an hour-glass."*

HENRY V.

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*The Book*
*of the*
*Words.*

by Violet Oakley

# WESTCHESTER COUNTY HISTORICAL PAGEANT.

1614 1846

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# FORE-WORD

E. E. W.



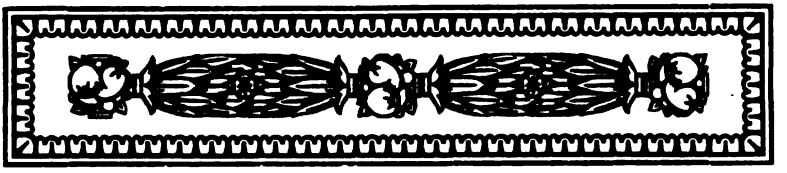
YEZ! OYEZ! The Spirit of the Past comes to hold sway once more over the wooded hills of Westchester. Give place! for in her train behold the living spirits of our fore-fathers, who claim their ancient domain for the length of one summer's day, wherein to do again great deeds of valour, and to hold revel in the primeval forest.

To all who are weary with the dust and heat of cities, with the jangle and clamour of daily life, the Spirit says, Come ye! Come to the sweet woodland, and learn what merry scenes and noble deeds these same old oaks and giant rocks have witnessed in bygone days!

To each and everyone she offers the magic spell which for a few brief golden hours will cause them to dwell in another world and time. For all who enter this enchanted forest there awaits A Midsummer Day's Dream.



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# PROGRAMME OF THE MUSIC

**OVERTURE:** The Netherland Folk-Song "Prayer of Thanksgiving" as the theme, arranged by.....Mr. Charles L. Safford

**EPISODE I:** The Song of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange—The old German hymn "Nun Dankett' .....J. Cruger, 1639

**EPISODE II:** Twenty-Third Psalm, metrical arrangement Bay Psalm Book.....1640

**EPISODE III:** Military music .....1600

**EPISODE IV:** "Clochette".....Louis XIII, 1643
Turkish March.....Jean Baptist Lulli, 1633
Sixtieth Psalm.....Clement Marot

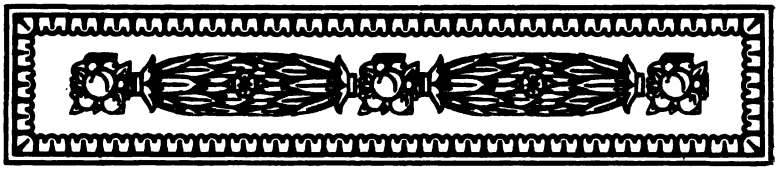
**EPISODE V:** "The Spring's Coming" from the Bath Medley .....Tony Ashton, 1737

**EPISODE VI:** Military music of the Revolutionary period.

**EPISODE VII:** Military March from "Aida"
Netherland "Prayer of Thanksgiving" sung by full chorus.



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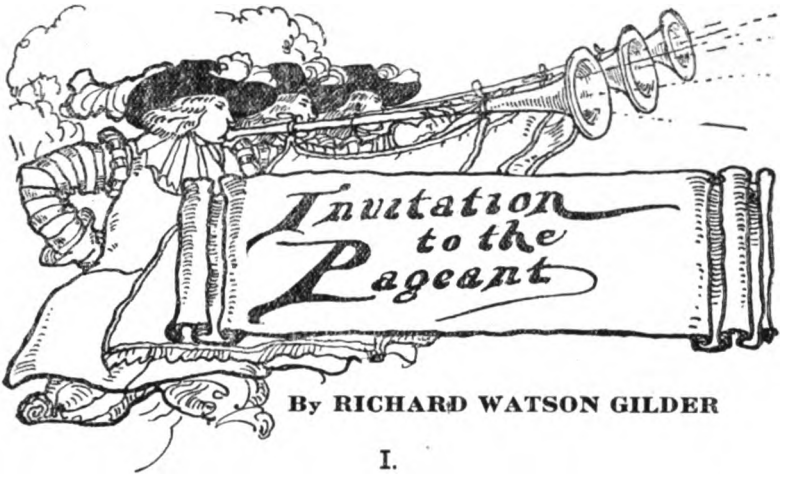
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By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I.

Come to the poets' land! 'T was here
The tragic singer wandered long;
Here brother poets set their song
To gentler music, sweet and clear;
And, in our day, a graybeard sang
Songs wherewith these woodlands rang.

II.

Men and women, come ye all,—
And little children hasten ye,—
Come at the silver trumpet's call
Swift unto our pageantry!
Leave, O maidens, and ye boys,
The hurry of the day, and noise,
Ply up with us Time's rushing stream
To a still bank where ye may dream,—
Dream, waking, of the days of old
When ladies loyal, soldiers bold,
Rough pioneers, and venturous saints
Stifled the terrors and the plaints,
And with high hearts and souls elate
Built the strong walls of the State.



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III.

If deeds be noble, they have scope
Beyond the doers' thought or hope.
Not numbers make a people great
But courage in the face of fate,
And conscience, justice, and the love
Of liberty all things above.
This learn in looking on our show;
This take with ye when hence ye go.



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# PROLOGUE

By VIOLET OAKLEY

IT has been frequently said that a people indifferent to its own past can have no present worth speaking of, and deserves no future.

It is the privilege of the Historical Pageant to heal this indifference, and in so doing to dignify its own present day and to inspire action for a better future.

For it is possible that the Pageant (by a series of pictures rather than stage-plays) should so dramatically present to the eye the story of local lore as to instruct with vivid and lastingly beautiful impressions and to reveal the import and continuity of events; to stimulate a desire for more intimate research and understanding, and above all to throw a brighter light upon the significance of the age in which we live, and the resistless power of the oncoming years.

The story of Westchester County is in no small way the story of the making of a nation, so intimately is it connected with the history of our greatest city. In their logical unfolding the events reveal the same sequence of ideas that has gone to develop what is now known as the American type.

In little,—upon the stage— is depicted the history of the country. Not one link in the chain is missing.

The cycle of the seven Episodes in their order is designed to portray the forces most potent in the moulding of the national character:—



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The daring pioneers in exploration and settlement; those acute in commerce, or zealous for freedom of worship; the vigorous growth and sturdy independence of thought; the fearless resistance to injustice and intolerance of tyranny; the unselfish and triumphant devotion in the testing times of war; the rich fruitage of ability in statesmanship and literature in the healthful times of active peace, and the inheritance of untold possibilities for the generations still to come.

To paraphrase a vindication of the romance inhering in American history—Though the picturesqueness of our Westchester County Pageant is not that of Winchester in England, or that of Oxford, it has a picturesqueness of its own which should be none the less impressive because it differs in kind, though not in degree, from that with which the visitor in England has become acquainted. It possesses its own individual light and shade and should reveal a dramatic force even greater than that of its forerunners.

* * * *

And thus in Pageantry does History

"Smooth itself out, a long-cramp'd scroll,
Freshening and fluttering in the wind."



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# EPISODE I

## The Dutch

1614-1639.

SCENE FIRST.

AS THE FIRST SETTLEMENT WITHIN THE BORDERS OF WESTCHESTER COUNTY WAS MADE BY THE DUTCH, WE BEGIN THE STORY OF THE PAGEANT WITH A SCENE AT THE CITY OF THE HAGUE, TYPICAL OF THE CONDITIONS IN THE "far-famed commercial cities" of Holland at the beginning of the 17th Century.

To promote the interest in the recent discoveries by Hudson, and other daring seekers of fortune, and to invite fresh endeavor, the States-General at The Hague had issued a decree offering to grant to any person or persons who should discover new lands a charter of exclusive privilege of trade therewith.

To Adriaen Block, for whom Block Island was named, belonged the undivided honor of having discovered Long Island



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Sound, in his little ship "The Onrust" (the Restless) which had been built during his first winter on Manhattan Island.

A charter, bearing date October 11th, 1614, was accordingly granted to him, and a number of individuals associated with him, forming a business society entitled the Nieuw Nederlandt Company.

## SCENE SECOND.

The New Netherland as first settled was as distinctly a place of refuge for persecuted religious sectarians as was New England. The little colony of Walloons, some thirty families in all, who landed at Manhattan Island from the ship "New Netherland," in the spring of 1632, were staunch Huguenots from the Belgic provinces who moved northward into Holland, and now had gladly seized an opportunity for freedom of worship, as well as to found homes for their families, in the countries of the New World.

But the annals of the first civilized occupation of our county open about the year 1639, for during the first fifteen years after the beginning of colonization no attempt at settlement had been made north of the Harlem River.

In 1639 the first recorded white resident in Westchester land, Jonas Bronck, a man of note and substance, purchased a farm from the Indian owners. He was not a native Hollander, being of Swedish extraction, but he had made his home in Amsterdam where he had married one Teuntje Slagboom. He was in very comfortable circumstances and was drawn to the New World to acquire and cultivate land, induced by the liberal offer of the States-General, in 1638, to persons of all nations not at war with the Netherlands.

This broad and democratic plan of colonization was framed in order that the country might be settled by an agricultural population, in addition to the splendid but exclusive scheme



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of a landed aristocracy instituted in the patroonships in 1629.

Bronck sailed from Amsterdam in a ship of the West India Company, with his wife and family, farm hands and their families, domestic servants, cattle and miscellaneous household goods, and proceeded to find a tract of suitable farming land outside of Manhattan Island.

He purchased from the native chiefs, Ranachqua and Tackamuck, 500 acres, "lying between the Great Kill and the Ahquahung"—the Harlem River and the little river since called by his name, the Bronx.

To his estate he gave the Scriptural name of "Emmaus," and erected a substantial house (near the site of the present depot of Morrisania) of Holland brick covered with tiles, also barns, tobacco house and two barracks. According to an inventory of his personal property his possessions included "pictures, a silver-mounted gun, silver cups, spoons, tankard and bowls, satin and grosgrain suits, fine linen, gloves, and a library of no less than 40 books."

"Real interest attaches to the study of minute and homely beginnings —out of which great communities have grown. . . . Events physically small may have large consequences. . . . Oftentimes indeed, there is an advantage in contemplating political and social phenomena on a small scale. The forces at work and the personalities of the actors seem to stand out more sharply and distinctly against the simple background."

*From Fiske's "Dutch or Quaker Colonies."



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# EPISODE I.—*Scene First.*

By TUDOR JENKS

## THE DUTCH

### ADRIAEN BLOCK AT THE HAGUE, BEFORE MAURICE, PRINCE OF ORANGE, THE STADTHOLDER, AND THE STATES-GENERAL OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.

(The States-General enter and take seats. Then enters Maurice, Prince of Orange, and assumes the chief place at the center of the table. As soon as he is seated a Crier commands silence.)

**CRIER**: In the name of the Free and Independent States of these United Netherlands, of Prince Maurice, the noble Stadtholder, and of the Honorable the States-General, I command all to keep silence, and I declare the Council of the States-General to be convened.

**PRINCE MAURICE**: By virtue of the authority reposed in us, the representatives of the free and independent Dutch nation, I declare the Council open. Let any having business touching the affairs of the Commonwealth approach that they may be heard.

**FIRST COUNCILOR** (Rising): Our Prince, the Stadtholder, hath convened us here in special session upon due petition. It is known unto you all that the States-General, for reasons that do commend themselves as touching nearly the well-being of these States, did,



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by proclamation, make known to all its decree regarding trade beyond the Western ocean. Shall I my lords, call for it to be read?

**PRINCE MAURICE**: Since the decree hath been widely known and promulgated throughout this nation, will it not be enough to make a brief statement of its effect? What say you, gentlemen?

**SECOND COUNCILOR**: It is of record. It would seem enough to resume it in few words.

**FIRST COUNCILOR**: The States-General, then, by the said decree and proclamation, did most generously offer unto all persons who should by skill and daring give to the world new lands, a charter securing exclusive rights of trade therewith. So ran the terms of the decree.

**PRINCE MAURICE**: So it ran. And may it bear good fruit. Too long have Spanish fleets ranged far and wide throughout the world as if it were their sole province.

**SECOND COUNCILOR**: We are at peace with Spain, my lord.

**PRINCE MAURICE**: A sword-won peace. (To First Councilor.) Proceed.

**FIRST COUNCILOR**: Spain had her navigators, bold to face perils of the sea, to seek new lands, to brave the savage tribes. And such have we. Under our flag sailed Heinrich Hudson far up the mighty river that now bears the name of our great Stadtholder. Following in his wake to where the broad Mauritius mingles with the sea, the goodly Dutch ships, the "Tiger" and the "Fortune," bore our flag again. And others followed these, till Patria's sons had won for her new realms beyond the sea.

**PRINCE MAURICE**: Their fame is world-wide, and known throughout the land to every villager. You speak of Captain Block, of May, and Christiansen?



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FIRST COUNCILOR: I do. And Captain Block comes now, to make report thereof.

(Enter Adriaen Block with his train.)

PRINCE MAURICE: Welcome, good Adriaen Block. Spokesmen for a grateful nation, we, in its name, declare you to have deserved well of the Republic. Who has not heard of that brave sailor who—when his good ship burned—laid hand to axe, became a shipwright in a savage land, and in a new-built craft sought new-discovered lands! Right well you named your little boat the "Restless"—for in your country's cause you'll never rest!

CAPTAIN BLOCK: Brave Maurice, Prince of Orange, and you, the High and Mighty Lords of our free States, for these good words I thank you. To sail my tiny craft took little skill. To guide the Ship of State through stormy waters—is a feat worthy of the wisest, and worthily has it been performed. You are the admirals who, by humbling Spain, have opened all the seas to us poor mariners!

PRINCE MAURICE (smiling): Have we a courtier here from Neptune's realm?

CAPTAIN BLOCK: Only a sailor, lords, but one who 's grateful for an unvexed sea. And who seeks other favors.

PRINCE MAURICE: Your country owes you much. Speak on.

CAPTAIN BLOCK: By your decree emboldened, a fleet of five good ships crossed the great ocean Westward. Some perils we have passed, but all came safe to port where the Mauritius flows through its broad bay. A strange company were we: the little "Fox," the "Nightingale," two "Fortunes," and my own lost ship, the "Tiger." The fleet was sent, you know, by merchants rich of Amsterdam and Hoorn, whose names are here. (Presenting papers.)



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Then for the better prosecution of our enterprise we separated. What we have done our charts will show. The nature of the land we have reported. Here (turning to the Indian Boys) are two sons of a great chief who rules an Indian nation. As to the land, its riches are not for the tongue of such as I—but we bring furs such as the Russian merchants might view with envy.

Here are the charts and proofs of our discoveries, and here in full, the stories of the voyage under the hands of us shipmasters.

(Giving documents to the Prince, who with the other members of the Council examines them, as Block goes on.)

And now, my lords, such are the claims we have to show. We pray that you will grant to us the right of trade you promised.

PRINCE MAURICE: We thank you well. And when at more leisure, we have advised upon the matter, you shall receive in full the recompense you 've merited. Again we thank you—in the name of all our States, our much-loved Patria!

(The States-General rise. Adriaen Block and the rest bow, and—the Prince leading—they march out.)



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# EPISODE I.—*Scene Second*

By TUDOR JENKS

## THE COMING OF JONAS BRONCK. 1639.

(Enter the Indian Guide. He looks about him on all sides, and then seats himself, and smokes his pipe. Two more Indians enter, and he rises and makes signs that this is the place. They go out, and in a moment come back escorting the Bronck party.
First, two Indians. Then Bronck on horseback, his Wife on a pillion behind him. Then follow the rest of the Bronck party, and finally the two other Indians. The party settle down as if tired, and lay aside their bundles and so on. One of the servants lights a fire. The Indians, four or five, come forward and exchange a few words together—inaudibly. Then one—Tackamuck—speaks.)

**TACKAMUCK** (motioning): Your land is here.

**BRONCK** (looking about): A goodly farm. (Turning to his wife.) See, Teuntje, see. Here is our home. And here our journey ends.

**WIFE**: Then Heaven be thanked, for we may rest—though Amsterdam be far away!



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**BRONCK** (comforting her): New Amsterdam is near. And as that has grown from but an outpost in the wilderness, so some day it is my dream to see in this very spot (stamping his foot) a fitting home for you and the little ones.

**TACKAMUCK**: What? The white man likes this?

**BRONCK**: Yes, chief. Let us make our bargain here.

(The Indian goes apart to talk to his own people.)

**WIFE** (aside): Jonas, can we trust these savage men?

**BRONCK**: They will keep faith with us, if we with them. Have thou no fear. These acres broad to them are only hunting grounds. The land around is open, miles and miles. They value more the beads, the cloth, the kettles of bright brass, than all these fields and woods. Look to thy people, Teuntje.

(Tackamuck and the other Indians come forward and seat themselves a r o u n d the fire. Bronck comes and sits with them. Then the Indian speaks.)

**TACKAMUCK**: Brothers, we come to hold a talk as friends with the Sachem Bronck.

**RANACHQUA**: Let the white man say what he will do.

**BRONCK**: We have agreed, my friends. I am to have these lands and waters, for myself and my people, so long as winds shall blow or rain shall fall. You, the Sachems of your people, will be our friends, and we shall be yours forever.

**RANACHQUA**: Our white friend speaks with a straight tongue. And he will pay us for the lands.

**BRONCK**: As I have said. (Calls to a Servant.) Hugo! Bring here the goods.

**TACKAMUCK**: No. We need not see them. What you say, we trust. We do as white men do, and make



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our trade with marks that talk, for you; and belts of beads for us.

**BRONCK**: So let it be then, Chief. (Draws out a scroll.) Here are the lands set down by marks and bounds, five hundred acres full, between the great Kill and the Ahquahung. All this shall be Bronck's farm, when payment true is made.

**RANACHQUA**: Good. Why have long talk when men say true? We put our marks and go.

**THE INDIANS**: Good; good!

**BRONCK**: Well, let us make the deed. (He places it on a chest brought by Hugo, the servant, and signs his name with a quill pen.) Now, Tackamuck.

**TACKAMUCK** (takes the pen): I mark with snake (does so), my Indian sign. And (proudly) make a cross like white man, too.

**RANACHQUA**: Here is the beaver mark. (Makes it.)

**BRONCK**: 'T is done. And now, in honest faith, and promise of long peace, here is my hand.

(He shakes hands with each of the Chiefs, who, without further talk, receive the goods in payment offered, handed them by Hugo and others, and walk out.)

**BRONCK** (calling his people about him): Come Teuntje; come, my children, and all ye, my good friends, who have with me traveled so many weary miles by sea and land to make here a new home.

This day sees the ending of our long journey—the beginning of our new life in the New Netherlands. Like a prophet of old, I see the homes of ourselves and of our children—I see herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, fields of grain—such a vision of the Promised Land as was prepared for the blessing of the Patriarchs of old.

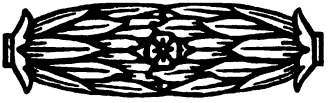


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**And as a sign of the conviction that the Lord hath been with us on our long journey—the name of my homestead shall be "Emmaus."**

**Let us prepare our shelter, and seek the blessing promised to the man "not slothful in business, serving the Lord."**

**(Exeunt, Bronck and his Wife leading the way.)**





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1643-1644.

AMONG THE ENGLISH SETTLERS WHO NOW BEGAN TO ARRIVE ALONG THE SHORES OF THE SOUND, PUSHING INTO WESTCHESTER LANDS FROM THE CONNECTICUT COLONIES, FIRST IN POINT OF TIME AND IN PATHETIC prominence, stands the strong and fearless figure of a noble woman, Mistress Anne Hutchinson, for whose cruel fate her slayers found meted out to them their reward, full, pressed down, and running over, in the person of one of her loyal disciples, who, with picturesque justice, became her avenger, the celebrated Indian fighter, Captain John Underhill.

A lasting interest attaches to the story of this wonderful woman, for she was among the foremost characters of her time. Of excellent birth and connections, with high and noble aims, she held the things of this world in positive contempt, and was a religious enthusiast, of large practical philanthropy, fearless and independent in the advocacy of her own deep spiritual convictions.



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In 1636 she came to Massachusetts Bay from England with her husband and children, and as a result of her teachings and mode of life, a religious revival swept over the colony. Desiring not to offend the custom of the church she confined her spiritual instructions to the women, holding weekly meetings in her house as a consequence of the fervent thirst aroused by the presence in their midst of her own abundant supply of inspiration.

Although she declined to address the men, some of the principal personages visited her and came under her intellectual influence. Among them were the young Governor, Sir Harry Vane, John Cotton, the wealthy Coddington, and Captain John Underhill.

But the envious displeasure of the rigid element of the community was aroused by the independence of her opinions. Instead of spiritual refreshment and enthusiasm, they sought and found only points of difference in doctrine, so nice and finely drawn as to be scarcely represented in words. The power of the church was soon felt, and the first synod was held in America, in August, 1637, "to determine the true doctrines of the church and to denounce the errors of the Hutchinsonians." Governor Vane had been deposed, and in his stead was elected Winthrop—"an unrelenting opponent of all innovations."

Anne was publicly tried at Cambridge in November, but "she was allowed no counsel; no friend stood by her side; her accusers were also her judges." She was condemned by a unanimous vote, banished from the colony and excommunicated.

The family removed to Rhode Island, and after the death of her husband there, in 1642, still pursued by the threats and curses of the church, Anne resolved to seek another home, "in the wilderness"—beyond the limits of New England—and having been granted permission by the Dutch to settle within the borders of their "Vredeland" (Land of Freedom or Peace) she came to the district now known as Pelham. By the shore of the river,



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since called by her name, she founded a little colony, consisting of her own younger children, and a few congenial spirits.

But by September of the following year the whole settlement was swept to destruction; every member being put to death by the Indians, with the single exception of a nine year old daughter of Mrs. Hutchinson, who was borne away into captivity. Anne herself perished in the flames of her little cottage.

History tells us that in the morning an Indian came to the defenseless and trusting little colony, and professing friendship, discovered the entirely unprotected condition of the small band. In the evening he returned leading a small body of warriors to the attack.

According to tradition, the Indian chief's name was Wampage. He, following a custom among savages, subsequently called himself "Ann-Hoock," for a warrior frequently assumed the name of his chief victim. The name "Ann-Hoock" becomes familiar in transactions of importance in the later history of the county.

Captain John Underhill, an eminently skilled and accomplished soldier, is a unique and picturesque figure in colonial history. Espousing the religious doctrines and the personal cause of Anne Hutchinson, he suffered persecution with the other Hutchinsonians, and a few months after his triumphant return from the Pequod War in 1637 he was disfranchised and forced to leave Massachusetts, and later accepted a commission from the Dutch, in their wars with the Indians.

His associations during his brief residence in Massachusetts were not with the grave representative men of the sedate and sombre order, but with the ardent and spirited natures "whose presence was felt as a grievous burden upon the theocratic State." He was cordially hated by those who obtained his expulsion from the Puritan Colony, and their scorn he as cordially returned. But by his daring and skill the new settlements were delivered



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from a state of anarchy, into which they had fallen, as the result of the awful conflicts with the Indians—a struggle springing from the mutual fear which, as always, was at the root of the selfishness and grasping greed, and which terminated in the almost utter extermination of the intellectually weaker race, instead of its instruction and enlightenment.

Not far from the present village of Bedford occurred in 1644 the bloodiest battle ever fought within the borders of our county—the massacre of the entire Indian village "Nanichiestawack," meaning "a place of safety" or palisaded enclosure.

"Captain Underhill, seeing no way to overcome the obstinate resistance of his foes, gave orders to fire their huts * * * yet throughout the entire carnage not one of the sufferers, man, woman or child, was heard to utter a shriek or moan."

Thus did John Underhill settle the account, and for the murder of Anne several hundred Indians were slain.

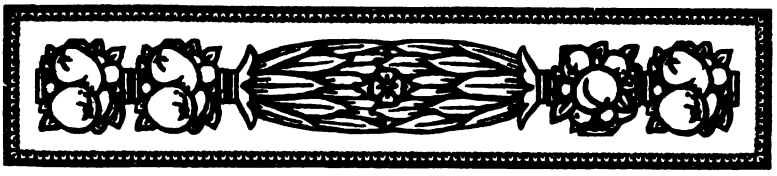
"The important mental tragedy of a gifted woman. . . . Anne Hutchinson had so delicate a spiritual organization that the future world was ever more real to her than the present.—A constant sense of the presence of the Diety made her indifferent to the praise or blame of men. . . . She lived in the Universe rather than in the world. . . . Feared at home, the Church was terrible even in Plymouth Colony, and in the distant plantations of Rhode Island; it haunted poor Anne beyond the limits of the English pale. Nor do I remember in history a more perfect theocracy than the new government of Massachusetts Bay in the 17th Century. The Puritan priest possessed a power not surpassed by the Etruscan diviners, or the Roman Pontifix, and far greater than has ever been claimed by the oracles of Delphi and of Cumae. But it should never be forgotten as one of the chief glories of the New England metropolis that it contended almost at its very birth for that freedom of speech and thought which at last it so painfully attained.

"The Bloody Tenant" tho' prevailing for many years has at length given place to a liberality almost unequalled among nations, and Boston has become the center of political and religious freedom. The spirit of Roger Williams, Sir Harry Vane, and Anne Hutchinson rules over modern New England."

*From account of Anne Hutchinson, by Eugene Lawrence, Esq., in the Historical Magazine, 1867.



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## EPISODE II.—*Scene First.*

By VIOLET OAKLEY

# THE ENGLISH

## ANNE HUTCHINSON

**PLACE**: The "Vredeland," Anne Hutchinson's colony, on the banks of the Hutchinson River, near the Sound and Hell-Gate.

**TIME**: Early morning in September, 1643.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED**:

Anne Marbury Hutchinson
Faith Collins (her daughter)
Robert Collins (her son-in-law)
Their two little children, Edward and Easter
Francis Hutchinson, Samuel ", Anne ", Mary ", William ", Susanna " } Anne's other children
Two friends
Three servants
Wampage and other Indians

(Enter Robert Collins, R, carrying a gun and bag of game; Francis Hutchinson, L, with fishing-rod and basket. He is singing lustily the Twenty-third Psalm.)



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**ROBERT COLLINS**: God's blessing this early morning, brother. What luck have you today? Aha! I see you are laden with a miraculous draught of fishes.

**FRANCIS HUTCHINSON**: Yea, verily. God doth feed us poor wanderers in this Wilderness, and maketh us to lie down in green pastures—howbeit the waters where he hath led us be not "still." While out in my boat this morning I was well-nigh borne by the current into the jaws of Hell-Gate itself.

**ROBERT COLLINS**: 'T is like, indeed. Ofttimes those seething, angry waters have seemed but the expression of hate and hungry malice, which we saw upon the faces of thy Mother's accusers, as they cast her forth "to Satan!"—May God melt their stony hearts!

(He sits down, and begins cleaning his gun; sings:

"Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil."

**FRANCIS HUTCHINSON**: "Thy rod, and Thy staff they comfort me."

(Enter a young girl, with wild berries in her basket and in her hand a branch of wild grape. She joins in the singing)

"Thou preparest a table before me.... in the presence of .... mine .... enemies!"

(She breaks off suddenly and bursts into tears)

**ROBERT COLLINS**: (trying to comfort her) How now, Sister Mary! Why down-hearted this bright morning? "Put all sadness far from thee." Come, come. Show us what you have gathered for our breakfast.

**MARY**: Ah, sir, but last night I had an evil dream, and since ever I awoke a cloud has been hanging over my heart—I fear—I know not what!



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**ROBERT COLLINS**: Foolish and superstitious still! not to have shaken off with the dust of New England their fears of evil omens and dreams. Ugh! I feel the stifling ways of Boston in this weakness! An evil dream has no power in such sunlight and freedom as God gives us in this blessed "Vredeland."

**MARY**: I know 't is foolish. But, ah, the wolves did howl so in the night, and I awoke with the old moon leering at me through a chink in the wall.

**FRANCIS HUTCHINSON**: For shame, Mary! Remember our own Mother's words, how God had spoken in her soul: "I am the same God that delivered Daniel out of the lion's den. I will also deliver thee."

(Anne Hutchinson is seen drawing near, deep in meditation, a Bible clasped in her hands. The others slip quietly off L., as she enters R. She seats herself upon a rock, and she speaks, with eyes closed:)

**ANNE**: Lord and Master beloved, that I may lead and feed Thy sheep this day let me hear Thy word behind me saying, "This is the Way; walk ye in it." And make me to be the victor over all fear and apprehension.

(She pauses—then in a deeper tone, as though repeating a message)

"Look not at the things which are seen .... for the things which are not seen .... which are not seen —are Eternal." .... Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear. .... "for the things which are seen are temporal" .... "In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion, ... in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me" .... "The things which are not seen are Eternal" .... "For behold, I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar and brazen walls



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against the whole land" .... "Look at the things .. .. which are not seen."

(She opens her eyes suddenly, and springing to her feet with arms upstretched, cries in a loud voice:)

Stay, Lord! Leave me not until this fear be overcome, which yet besets me! Pull me out of the net, —for Thou art my strength.—"Be not afraid of sudden fear—nor for the destruction of the wicked when it cometh." Lord, Thou hast spoken—I believe! Thou has unsealed the oracle,—Thine "invisible things" are clearly seen! "Be not afraid of fear"—He that believeth shall never see Death—for we look not at the things which are seen!

(She turns and calls to the others, who come down from the log huts in the distance, bearing the morning meal, in baskets and on trenches, which they spread upon a large flat stone. The men are all armed, and while preparations for the breakfast are being made, Robert Collins draws Joseph Smith to one side)

COLLINS: Any further news, Joseph, from John Throckmorton?

SMITH: Yes, sir; only last night, when out looking after some of our traps, I met one of his men, who told me that both Mr. Throckmorton and Mr. Cornell had gone to Fort Amsterdam.

COLLINS: To Fort Amsterdam! And why again so soon?

SMITH: They heard a report of the capture of two boats, by the Indians, on the way down the great river from Fort Orange, but the rumor was afterward denied ..

COLLINS: Surely, 't is but a false report—made up by some of Governor Kieft's own party, ever thirsting



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for an excuse for a fight! Why, since the Peace of April last, the red men have been as lambs——

**SMITH**: So they have seemed; but Throckmorton is to ask the Governor for a small detachment of Dutch soldiers as a protection for these lonely farms of ours.

(Anne Hutchinson has been watching them closely, and as they turn and approach the others, she calls to them.)

**ANNE**: What is this about John Throckmorton? He has gone again to the Island?

**COLLINS**: Yes, Mother, to have further confirmation of the grant. And, God willing, we shall have our own signed and sealed before many days now!

**ANNE**: And yet without any signed deeds but God's own word, for one full year have we enjoyed our liberties in this Land of Peace, unmolested—and free at last from the burning breath of curses—and the tracks of lurking spies!

(They all seat themselves upon the ground, and the food is passed about.)

**ANNE**: Children, have ye all meat and bread?

(While the others are eating and talking happily together, Susanna runs about, gathering flowers and singing to herself. Unobserved, an Indian is seen lurking near the log cabins and peering through the trees above. He suddenly descends, and approaches boldly with friendly gestures. The little girl runs toward him with her flowers outstretched. She takes him by the hand and together they



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approach the group. Several rise and greet him kindly, and Anne offers him food and drink. He is seated in a place of honor beside her. She turns to her son-in-law and says:)

ANNE: The freedom and hospitality we ask we must also freely give—else are we no better than the tyrants of both Old and New England.

(Susanna, who is never still, comes running toward her with a letter which she has found in the trunk of a tree near by. Anne looks at it, dazed for a moment. The others all start to their feet and Collins attempts to snatch the paper from her. She motions them all away, and cries:)

'Tis nothing! 'Tis but the Curse again! the powerless curse of the enemies of Grace! Alas! even here "hast thou found me, oh mine enemy?"

(She tears it up after a mere glance and scatters it to the wind.)

"The people of Thy holiness have possessed the land but a little while; our adversaries have trodden down Thy sanctuary! . . . ."

(Turning to the others who have watched her in sorrowful silence)

Weep not for me, but come, the day advances—and we should already each one be about our daily business.

(They go out slowly. The Indian, Wampage, lingers, and taking a beautiful chain from his own neck he places it over little Susanna's head, and with gestures and signs



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of friendship and gratitude for the hospitality with which he has been received, he leaves. Anne and the little girl are the last to return to the log cabin on the hill. They go out singing a hymn.)

## PART II.

(The day is over, and night has fallen. Stealthily the Indians approach, led by Wampage. They cross the green, and make a sudden rush upon the cabins. With yells they fall upon a figure which emerges from the door of Anne's little cottage, and soon smoke and flames envelope the settlement.
Their work is quickly over and they return, Wampage carrying in his arms the little Susanna, screaming in piteous terror and distress. They disappear, and the cries die out in the distance.
All is silent.
Then very soft and low is heard the music of a hymn of triumph.)



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# EPISODE II.—*Scene Second.*

By VIOLET OAKLEY

## CAPTAIN JOHN UNDERHILL

**SCENE**: One day's march south of the Indian village of Nanichiestawack (near the present town of Bedford).

**TIME**: February, 1644. Daybreak.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED**:
Captain John Underhill
Director-General Kieft
Heindrich Van Dyke
Sergeant Peter Cock
Company of Dutch soldiers
English volunteers
Two guides

(Enter Captain Underhill, Director-General Kieft, and the rest of the party.)

**KIEFT**: Here. This is the place where Smitz was to meet you—with the latest information——

**UNDERHILL**: Good—and now farewell. 'T is time that you return to your clamoring people within Fort Amsterdam's safe and warm interior.

**KIEFT**: But this is a country where e'en a dare-devil like yourself may be lost if the guides fail to keep the tryst. Belike they are now lying in the bloody snow, full of arrows.



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**UNDERHILL**: Tut! tut! We're all ready for risks—if one has gone the other has escaped their aim. But your excellency will not escape the mutiny within the Fort if you return not speedily with news that you have started us safely on the last day's march.

(Kieft and his escort turn to go. Underhill calls after him.)

**UNDERHILL**: Stay! Tell them that the lean New Englanders will look to 't that their round rosy cheeks be neither pinched with hunger, nor blanched with fear again—for this night shall see Anne Hutchinson avenged.

(Exeunt Kieft and Escort.)

**VAN DYKE**: Hist! 'T was scarce six months since, there to the west of us—that she was———

**UNDERHILL**: Murdered—by the hate of hypocrites and the envy of Puritan priests!

**VAN DYKE**: By Indians, man! How say you "priests"?

**UNDERHILL**: 'T is not yet that the potency of witchcraft and curses has been imported into the Nieuw Nederlandt. Ha! Ha! only wait—'t will come soon enough. Oh, marvelous things we learn up in Massachusetts Bay!

(Enter two guides, forespent.)

**FIRST GUIDE**: Your servant, Captain—we're late—but the snow lies deep upon the valley—and we must travel under cover of night when 'tis possible.

**UNDERHILL**: And what's news? (Aside to a soldier) Here—bring food and drink. They faint else.

**FIRST GUIDE**: The report was true. The red men are assembled full seven hundred strong in their village of Nanichiestawack.

**UNDERHILL**: And the distance?

**FIRST GUIDE**: An all day's march—in weather like this —on to the northwest of us.



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UNDERHILL: 'T will be by midnight—and by the moon's help that we shall find them. Have you a plan of their stronghold?

SECOND GUIDE: 'Tis here, sir—from the old Indian guide without whose help we should not have been here to tell our story.

(Spreads out rough map. Underhill and Van Dyke study it carefully.)

UNDERHILL: Hum-m! Three rows of huts, ranged as streets—about eighty paces long. A trap if we should try to enter. 'T is like we shall have to burn the place—and while they sleep, if we are fortunate in surprising them.

(Rolls up map and turns to the English soldiers.)

Lads, be strong to-night and remember the Lady Anne. Have no mercy, as they had none. A butcher's business—I have no stomach for't meself—yet we have God's own command. (Turning to the Dutch) But if ye obey not the voice of the Lord this night, He shall rend the kingdom out of thy hand, and give it to thy neighbors!

Spare not! Behold, the heathen shall be as stubble—they shall not be able to deliver themselves from the power of the flame. "And I will cut off witchcraft out of the land."

VAN DYKE: All 's ready, sir.

UNDERHILL (aside): The day of the Lord's vengeance shall come as a thief in the night—as they came upon her!

Forward! March! In scarlet upon the white snow will we write her story!

Exeunt.



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# EPISODE III

## Further Dutch Settlement & English Encroachment

1646-1655

## ADRIAEN VANDER DONCK AND THE FOUNDING OF THE PATROONSHIP OF "COLEN DONCK" Styled "DER JONKHEER'S LAND".

THE FIRST OF THE GREAT LANDED ESTATES WHICH, DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, WERE PARCELED OUT IN THIS SECTION TO GENTLEMEN OF BIRTH AND SUBSTANCE, AND THE ONLY PATROONSHIP EVER ERECTED in Westchester County under the "Freedoms and Exemptions" of the privileged West India Company was given to Adriaen Vander Donck in 1646. The tract extended from Spuyten Duyvil northward along the Hudson to a little stream called by the natives, "Amachassin," and inland to the Bronck's River. It soon became familiarly known as "Der Jonkheer's Land," or the Estate of the Young Lord. Adriaen Vander Donck was a gentleman by birth, a native of Breda, Holland, a graduate of the University of Leyden, and had studied and practiced law. In 1641 he accompanied Kiliaen Van Rensselaer to New Netherland, and was made Sheriff of the Patroonship of Rensselaerwyck.

Having lent money to Director-General Kieft of Fort Amsterdam for the purchase of gifts to the Indians at the



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Treaty of Peace in 1645, when his official connection with Rensselaerwyck terminated, on the death of the patroon he secured the prompt bestowal of the landed rights in a patroonship of his own, and styled his extensive territory, "COLEN DONCK."

To the taming and cultivation of his wild but magnificent estate he gave quite a portion of his attention laying out a farm or plantation, and in 1649 building a saw mill at the mouth of the Nepperhan, or Saw Mill River.

This Indian name of "Nepperhan," according to some authorities, signified "the rapid flowing waters"; but according to others, "a trap, a snare, or gin."

As Adriaen Vander Donck was a man of great prominence in Fort Amsterdam, being its earliest lawyer, he soon became occupied with its affairs, and was elected a member of the Advisory Council, known as "The Nine Men," and chosen by popular vote. In his stand against what he considered the tyrannical conduct of the new Director-General, Peter Stuyvesant, and in behalf of "The Nine Men," he was dispatched to Holland by the Commonalty to lay the matter of their abuses before the States-General. He was detained there four years, and while not successful in all that he had hoped to accomplish, yet it is to the efforts of Vander Donck that the first municipal organization of what is now the City of New York can be directly traced. An Act was passed separating the local functions of the principal settlement on Manhattan Island from the general affairs of the province; and Fort Amsterdam became an incorporated Dutch city with the name of New Amsterdam.



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# EPISODE III.—*Scene First.*

By MRS. HENRY TUCK

## THE FOUNDING OF THE PATROONSHIP OF COLEN DONCK, (YONKERS) "DER JONKHEER'S LAND".

**SCENE:** A Woodland.

**TIME:** 1646.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED:**

Adriaen Vander Donck, and his Wife
Albert Elbertsen
Govert Loockermans
Hendricksen Kip
Jacob Noorlander
Oloff Van Pelt
Jan Block
Elbert Jansen, and their Wives

(Enter a group of six men talking earnestly, followed by three women knitting, who sit on a fallen tree.)

**JACOB NOORLANDER:** By the sun, noon must be near; yet Der Jonkheer comes not.

(Enters, left, followed by Wife, who joins the women.)

**OLOFF VAN PELT:** Good-day, friends; pray lend me a hand. There will be need of a table and seats for Der Jonkheer and his honorable company.

(Several men exit, left, with Van Pelt, and return with a table and



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four chairs, which they place, center.)

**ELBERT JANSEN**: (looking off, left.) Hark! hear ye not the brush breaking 'neath horses' feet?

**JAN BLOCK**: I not only hear, but see them coming from the forest.

(Women rise, and look off left, excitedly—noise of riders and halloes—men cheer, and run to catch and hold the bridle-reins, as Adriaen Vander Donck, Albert Elbertson, Govert Loockermans, and Hendricksen Kip ride on, left to center. They dismount, and horses are tied to trees, right. Women curtsey.)

**VANDER DONCK**: Greetings, friends, and good tidings. At last there 's news worth the bringing.

**NOORLANDER**: Are there guns, Jonkheer? That is what we need!

**VAN PELT**: Aye, and ploughs also.

**JANSEN**: And men! We cannot hold this wilderness with but a handful.

**BLOCK**: No, by Heaven, we cannot, against armed savages!

**NOORLANDER**: Knowest thou a man may not leave his home, without his women and children, for fear to find but smoking ashes on his return?

**VANDER DONCK**: Peace—peace, good people! Let me have speech.

**ALL**: Let us have guns!

**NOORLANDER**: Farming instruments, and colonists!

**JANSEN**: And the protection thou promised, when thou broughtest us to settle this land for thee.

**ELBERTSEN**: Jansen, the protection will be given.

**NOORLANDER**: Of what good will it be when our homes are ashes, and our scalps hang at the savages' belts?



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VAN PELT: Fatherland has forgotten us. Where are the guns she was to give us?

VANDER DONCK: They were sent to the West India Company.

BLOCK: Then in God's name, why are we defenceless?

LOOCKERMANS: 'T is another wrong added to the many heaped upon us. Stuyvesant has sold them to the Indians.

NOORLANDER: This is how they got their fire-arms!

KIP: Aye, for land-grants to swell the holdings for Stuyvesant and his near friends in the West India Company!

JANSEN: Which only proves how helpless is our situation. The Agents of the Fatherland rob us on one side—the Indians massacre on the other.

VANDER DONCK: There is truth in thy words; yet there is peace and prosperity ahead.

ALL (sullenly): Where, in God's name? Show it us!

VANDER DONCK: The people, weary of the wrongs heaped on them by the West India Company, have chosen me one of three, to place the tyranny of Peter Stuyvesant before the States-General.

KIP: He sails at once—the ship that brings him back will be weighted down with colonists to make Colen Donck a Garden of plenty for the Netherlands.

NOORLANDER: How can so few hold out against armed savages till thy return?

VANDER DONCK: The savages will keep the peace. My money bought the gifts that ended the cruel unnecessary war against them. They know I stand for justice.

JANSEN: What assurance have you, that they will not make war upon us the day you sail away?

VANDER DONCK: Gramatan's word. Behold he comes to smoke the pipe of peace.

(Enter, right, Gramatan and two



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Indians. They stand right of table.)

VANDER DONCK: Welcome, great Chief. These are my people that I would have thee guard till my return.

(Opens box, and gives gifts of tobacco and beads to Indians.)

VANDER DONCK: Come up, friends, and smoke the pipe of peace.

(They sit in circle—pipe is passed — and they smoke in silence. Indians, R. Gentlemen C. Settlers, L.)

VANDER DONCK: Gramatan, of my word and friendliness thou hast had proof. I go to place thy wrongs and ours before their High Mightinesses. My people hold the land for me; grant them thy protection.

GRAMATAN: Until they make war against my people.

VANDER DONCK: 'T is fairly said. Until that time they are thy brothers. Men, be of good cheer. The dawn has long been breaking, but the sun will now shine forth on rich pastures where sleek cattle graze. Thy women will plant flowers to deck your homes. And there will be a rich harvest for all who toil.

NOORLANDER: God grant thy hopes be realized, Jonkheer.

VANDER DONCK: They will be. And to that end a Book I've writ, and dedicated, "To the Illustrious, Most Wise and Prudent Lords of the Far-Famed City of Amsterdam"—listen: (Reads.)

"Why mourn about Brazil, full of base Portuguese?
When Vander Donck shows so much better fare;
Where wheat fills golden ears, and grapes abound in trees;
Where fruit and kine are good with very little care;
Men may mourn a loss, when vain would be their voice,
But when their loss brings gain, they also may rejoice.



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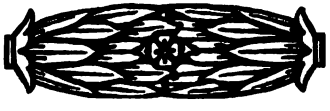
Then, Reader, if you will go freely there to live,
We name it Netherland, though this excels it far,
If you dislike the voyage, pray due attention give
To Vander Donck his book, which, as a leading star
Directs toward the land where many people are,
Where Lowland love and laws, all may freely share."

BLOCK: 'T is fine,—'twill move all hearts, Jonkheer.

(All cheer.)

VAN PELT: Much talking is dry work, Jonkheer. Go set the pewter out. The cup shall seal our brotherhood.

(Women run off, right, Gentlemen follow. Then Indians. Then settlers leading the horses.)





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# EPISODE III.—*Scene Second.*

## ENCROACHMENT OF PURITANS FROM THE CONNECTICUT SETTLEMENTS

THOMAS PELL, TO WHOM IS DUE THE FOUNDATION OF THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY, WAS BORN ABOUT 1608 IN SUSSEX, ENGLAND, OF ARISTOCRATIC AND DISTINGUISHED DEscent, tracing his ancestry to the Pell Family of Lincolnshire. His father, the Rev. John Pell, married Mary Holland, a lady of royal blood, and Thomas was their eldest son. When a young man he was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I. In 1630, with Roger Ludlow, he settled in Dorchester, Massachusetts, and later removed to Connecticut, where in 1635 he commenced with others the plantations at Fairfield.

(NOTE. According to Fiske, many came from Massachusetts, "finding the rule of the Theocracy oppressive"—"an uncomfortable place for freethinkers."
"Knickerbocker" in his history of New York speaks of "the augmented audacity of the mosstroopers of Connecticut—pushing their encroachments farther and



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farther into the territories of their High Mightinesses, so that even the inhabitants of New Amsterdam began to draw short breath and to find themselves exceedingly cramped for elbow room.")

In 1654, Thomas Pell bought from the Indian Sachems Naminepoe and "Ann Hoock"—"all that tract called Westchester, bounded East by the brooks called Cedar Tree or Gravelly Brook, and extending Northward about eight miles, and Westward to Bronck's River, and Southward to the Sound."

This is the earliest legal record of the application of the name Westchester to any section of our county, and it was so called by these settlers from Connecticut.

In purchasing this Westchester land, Pell was probably acting in a private capacity, and regarded his purchase as a speculation. The erection of Pelham Manor by royal patent dated from 1666, with Thomas Pell as its first Lord, though he does not appear to have made his residence there. He died in 1669 and his property was left to his nephew, John Pell, who made Pelham Manor his home, entering into the proprietorship in 1670. He married Rachél, daughter of Philip Pinckney, one of the ten proprietors of Eastchester.

The bounds of Thomas Pell's original purchase overlapped the old Dutch "Vredeland," and encroached also on former grants to Throckmorton and Cornell.

This land included besides Westchester township proper the townships of Eastchester, Pelham and New Rochelle; but the original settlement was made as far westward as possible into the disputed territory.

The early English Pioneers who had begun to settle there prior to Pell's purchase made no false pretenses, and sought no favors from the Dutch. One of their first acts was to nail to a tree the arms of the Commonwealth of England.

(See Scharf's History, and also Bolton's)



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# EPISODE III.—*Scene Second.*

By MRS. HENRY TUCK

## THOMAS PELL'S GRANT
## THE FOUNDING OF WESTCHESTER TOWN

**SCENE:** Part of Pell's Purchase.

**TIME:** April, 1655.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED:**

John Stevens
James Osgood
Peter Ford
Thomas Grant
Mistress Stevens
" Osgood
Goody Jones
Colonists, men and women, and three children
Dutchmen

(John Stevens and James Osgood enter, left.)

**JOHN STEVENS:** 'T was a stirring discourse Mr. Baly gave yesterday.

**OSGOOD:** Aye, that it was. It made the blood run hot!

**STEVENS:** (looking off, left.) Here's Goody Jones. She 's much disturbed by the sharp reminders of female vanity.

(Enter, left, Goody Jones, Stevens, Osgood.)

**GOODY JONES:** Good-day to thee, John Stevens! So women may not wear hats to open meeting without being accused of vanity! Get thy lord and master, Thomas Pell, who brought us here, to build a shelter where we may worship!



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**STEVENS**: Have patience, Goody. Mr. Baly's words were not meant for thee alone.

**MISTRESS OSGOOD**: Nay, thine was not the only head-covering to offend the Dominie.

(Enter two men, right, running and in great excitement.)

**PETER FORD**: To arms! to arms! The Dutch are coming!

**STEVENS**: (raises horn slung from shoulder, blows three clear calls of alarm, three times.) What hast thou seen?

(Enter left men and women and three children running and crying.)

**ALL**: What's ado? What's ado?

**THOMAS GRANT**: As we were trapping in the woods some miles from here we heard the tramp of many horses' feet.

**FORD**: Running to a tall pine girdled by a hardy grape-vine—I climbed even to the top and saw on the distant plains mounted Dutchmen marching this way.

**OSGOOD**: Let them come! We have naught to fear.

**ALL**: But they claim the lands we clear!

**STEVENS**: Thomas Pell purchased these lands from their rightful owners, the Sachems Naminepoe and Ann Hoock.

**GOODY JONES**: Ann Hoock sold land to poor Anne Hutchinson, and then massacred her!

**STEVENS**: There is naught to fear I tell thee! (crosses to tree, and points to the Arms of Parliament.) Look where hang the arms of Parliament. We are loyal Englishmen under the laws of England. What should we fear?

(Noise of horses and many voices off right. Women crowd back of men, who form a line, muskets in hand, as the Dutchmen ride on, right.)



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**CLAES VAN ELSLANDT**: Who is in command here?

**STEVENS** (steps out, center): What wouldst thou with me, friend?

**VAN ELSLANDT**: This order bids all trespassers from off this land. (Hands Stevens a paper.)

**STEVENS**: 'T is writ in Dutch. Why did not the Fiscaal send English? I can not read it.

**VAN ELSLANDT**: (takes paper and reads:) In so many words it commands Thomas Pell with his people, servants or slaves, furniture, cattle, implements, and every other article of property, you and your nation brought here, to leave these premises of Vredeland!

**STEVENS**: The Parliament must settle the claims of "Vredeland." We expect the determination of our boundaries by the next vessel. Till then we keep the arms of Parliament on this land.

**VAN ELSLANDT**: What answer make you to the Fiscaal?

**STEVENS**: There is no answer till he send his writ in English. Time will decide whether we shall be under Dutch government or the Parliament of England.

**VAN ELSLANDT**: This time we came in peace. When we come again 't will be in numbers to enforce our words.

(wheels horse, rides off, right, followed by Dutchmen.) (Stevens and all follow horses off, right.)

**OSGOOD**: Thomas Pell bought these lands we hold for him.

**ALL**: (talking together as they pass out.) How can the Dutch claim what belonged to the Indians? Indians sell many times over and kill those who buy. Think on poor Anne Hutchinson!

**(ALL EXEUNT, RIGHT.)**



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1685-1693.

AFTER THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES BY LOUIS XIV IN 1685, THE EXODUS OF THE HUGUENOTS FROM FRANCE WAS ABOUT SEVEN PER CENT. OF THE POPULATION, AND, ACCORDING TO FISKE, INCLUDED a large proportion of skilled craftsmen, prosperous merchants, professional men and scholars.

Nowhere did the Huguenots play a more important part than in and about New York.

In 1689 a number of these Frenchmen, many of them from La Rochelle in France, the great Huguenot stronghold—obtained a grant of land through acting Governor Jacob Leisler, from John Pell, on the shore of Westchester County, where they founded the pretty town of New Rochelle.

The sum paid by the exiled Huguenots for the 6,000 acres of land purchased from "John Pell and Rachael his wife" was £1,675 an extraordinarily large amount in comparison with what was usual in those days for unimproved property—a proof of the substantial character of the settlement of New Rochelle.



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In addition to the purchase money they were to pay unto the Lords of the manor of Pelham, one fat calf on every four and twentieth day of June.

The ceremony of the presentation of the fat calf was duly observed for many years, and was always made a festival occasion.

From the first the French refugees proved themselves a most valuable addition to the population of the County.

We are told that on some occasions the devoted inhabitants of New Rochelle walked on Communion Sundays to New York, a distance by the road of 20 miles, to attend the services at the Église du Saint Esprit, in Pine Street, returning the same evening to their homes to be ready for their duties on Monday.



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# EPISODE IV.—*Scene First.*

By MARGUERITE MERINGTON

*"Thus with imaginary wing our swift scene flies*
*In motion of no less celerity*
*Than that of thought.*

. . . . . .

*Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance*
*After your thoughts, straight back again to France.*

HENRY V.

## THE HUGUENOTS.

### ESCAPE OF THE BONNETT FAMILY FROM ROCHELLE, FRANCE

**SCENE:** A roadway in France.

**TIME:** After 1685, the year of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED:**

Daniel Bonnett
His wife, Jeanne
Daniel and Jean
their children
A Dragoon
The donkey, "Bouricque"

(Enter Bonnett and Wife, travel-stained, and obviously anxious under an appearance of simulated ease. Beside them trots Bouricque bearing panniers of fresh fruit and vegetables.)



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**BONNETT**: (sings.) Here's fruit for sale; fresh fruit.
Here's sun-kissed figs. And cherries wet with dew!
**WIFE**: (looks beyond the scene. Speaks with fervor.)
Thank God! At last the sea!
**BONNETT**: (Looks in same direction.) And God be praised.
The shallop waits! We 'll rest! (Takes out bread and wine.)
**WIFE**: Rest?—on the threshold of escape?
Rather our steps to greater speed we'll goad!
For, mark! Each window of yon citadel
A spying eye; the water-front patrolled;
King's frigates on the bay, with guns as 't were,
Aimed at our very souls! Our ev'ry breath
Drawn in mute terror of the dragonnade—
Foul persecutions, under royal seal,
That heed no law save man's brutality!
How could I see thee broken on the wheel,
My children snatched away, and not go mad!
Aye, mad, ere yet my body paid its toll
In outrage worse than death!
**BONNETT**: Haste but betrays
Our mortal fear! Act as our errand were
In truth the commonplace it seems. Here's one
A bite deserves..good old Bouricque! The last
Thou 'lt nibble from my hand! (Gives donkey a carrot.)
**WIFE**: (Fastening hair securely.) My pins give way!
**BONNETT**: Rochelle, fair city, cradle of our faith;
Its stronghold long, by martyrs' blood baptized,
What tho' in alien land azile we seek?
Upon the Rock of Ages graven fast
Thy name, beloved, shall we read....Rochelle!
**WIFE**: No one in sight? The boys?....
'T is hardly safe.
**WIFE**: To breathe! Cramped limbs to stretch! (Lifts fruit from top of panniers.) Come Daniel! Jean!
**CHILDREN**: (Peeping out.) May we come forth?



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**BONNETT**: Just for a breathing space.

**DANIEL**: Ho, Brother!

**JEAN**: Brother! Oh, my foot's asleep!

**DANIEL**: I'm stiff, And oh, but cabbages are hard! (Rubbing his back.)

**JEAN**: I've eaten cherries till I have a pain! (Rubbing front.)

**DANIEL**: (Patting donkey.)
Bouricque, art weary? Father, let us walk!

**JEAN**: Aye, Mother, please!

**BONNETT**: No, no! 'T is not for long!

**WIFE**: Go back, my birdlings, to your nest. Your prayers
Repeat. But, ssh! (Finger on lips) or you 'll be cooked alive
To make a breakfast for the King's dragoons!

**DANIEL**: Oh, I'll be mum. Just hear how mum I am!

**JEAN**: But not so mum as I!

**BONNETT**: (helping wife cover children again.) Quiet!
(Horseman heard approaching.)

**WIFE**: (in panic.) What's that?
Dragoons! Turn back! (seizes donkey's bridle.)

**BONNETT**: (restrains her.) Nay, front them boldly. Up, Bouricque! (sings) Fresh fruit for sale. Here's sun-kissed figs,
And cherries....
(Dragoon enters, mounted.)

**DRAGOON**: Halt! (they halt) Your names?

**BONNETT**: Daniel Bonnett;
A weaver. Jeanne, my wife.

**DRAGOON**: None other soul?

**BONNETT** (laughs): Why, yes. Bouricque!

**DRAGOON** (baring head): Loyal to King?

**BONNETT** (baring head): Louis
Ranks after God!

**DRAGOON**: What takes you harbor-wards?



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**BONNETT** (points): An English packet off the Isle of Rhe
At anchor strains to catch the tide. So we
Her crew with produce fresh would catch!
**WIFE**: (offering fruit) Sir, pray!
**DRAGOON**: (eats) Good eating, by the Mass. Yet, by the Mass,
It smacks of heresy! (spits out cherry stones)
**BONNETT**: (lightly) A compliment!
With fewer Saints' Days to the calendar,
More time have heretics for industry! (about to proceed)
**DRAGOON**: Hold! (thrusts weapon into wife's hair) Madame's hair....
(He waves back Bonnett, who starts forward indignantly.)
I would not sever it.
My whim its length to see! (Bible falls from loosened coils. He catches it adroitly)
**WIFE**: My Testament!
Keep it! 'T is written here! (hand on heart)
**DRAGOON**: (examines it.) Ha, as I thought. You 're Huguenots!
**BONNETT**: What then?
**DRAGOON**: (waves Bible) Damned heresies!
'T will make a bonfire in the market-place!
**BONNETT**: Its flame the world shall light!....Come, let us pass!
The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew
Is ancient history. High-heaped lie years
On Richelieu's tomb. Tho' barred from office, state,
One still may live, in France, a Protestant!
**DRAGOON**: Hold. Lusty, young, childless are ye?
**WIFE**: (protesting) Oh, sir!
Saw you our sons .. Dan, eight, Jean scarce a year
Behind .. (stops, realizing this is a damaging admission)
**DRAGOON**: (nods, triumphantly) Of age, by law, their faith to choose!



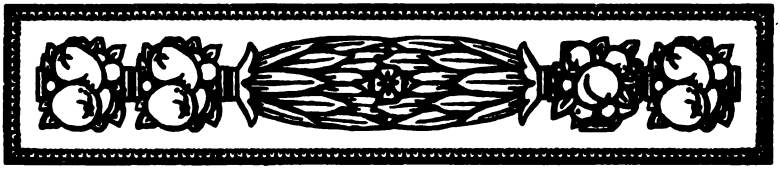
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**BONNETT** (angrily): To choose! You 'd bribe them with
some Popish toy!
**DRAGOON**: I'd save their souls to Heav'n! (fervently)
**BONNETT**: By way of Rome!
**DRAGOON**: There is no other way! . . Where are those
boys?
Upon your boasted conscience! Come, no lies!
(Bonnett is silent, torn between conflicting emotions. Wife suddenly bursts into feigned laughter. Dragoon turns to her, surprised.)
**WIFE**: Pardon! That question proves you still unwed!
Hark back to childhood! Then go seek my babes
Where you, at dawn, were wont to lie . . in sleep . .
Between your mother's night and waking kiss!
**DRAGOON**: (after slight pause, prepares to ride away,
then suddenly turns, and thrusts weapon through
pannier containing Jean)
Good voyage, Huguenots! (salutes mockingly, and
rides off)
**BONNETT**: God!
**WIFE**: Jean!
**DANIEL**: (appearing, cries) I heard!
Had he but slain me in my brother's stead!
(Bonnett and Wife hurriedly lift Jean from pannier.)
**WIFE**: He bleeds!
**BONNETT**: (examining Jean's leg) A scratch!
**WIFE**: (hugging Jean) You never cried!
**JEAN**: My tongue
I bit. I said my prayers! And then my fist
I shook, and made a face! Like this! (illustrating)
**WIFE**: (putting Jean back in pannier) Darling!
**BONNETT**: Brave lad . . Come, up Bouricque! (sings)
Fresh fruit for sale.
Here's sun-kissed figs! Ripe cherries wet with dew!
(They go off happily toward the sea.)



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# EPISODE IV.—*Scene Second.*

By ELIZABETH B. CUSTER

## THE PRESENTATION OF THE FATTED CALF

**SCENE:** New Rochelle.

**TIME:** 1693.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED:**

John Pell, Lord of the Manor
Rachel, his wife
John } Servants
Peter }
Attendants to the Lord and Lady of the Manor
The Huguenot Freeholders
Girls and boys

(Two Servants preparing dais for the Lord and Lady of the Manor.)

**JOHN:** The sun shines for us on our festival day. There will be dancing and music and, my eyes! what a feast!

(He takes a few dancing steps and tosses his cap in the air.)

**PETER:** One of those Frenchmen was sighing away, when I passed him this morning, for the vineyards and gardens of "La Belle France." I told him to stop his whimpering or he had better run right home to France, and sizzle and burn and be torn asunder for the sake of his religion, since he didn't appreciate the freedom to worship as he chooses!



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**JOHN**: I sneaked around, Peter, and caught a look at the calf that these Frenchmen are bringing. It's a beauty—fat and sleek. It was a fine thought of our master to mark his sale of the land to these Huguenots by giving them a festival every anniversary, and by their presenting him with a calf.

**PETER** I say this: our Lord and Lady merit a whole drove of calves, but it was a big sum that was paid for their land. £1,675 for six thousand acres and all wild land!

**JOHN**: Yes, but it has wood, water and good soil, and mind, if you think it dear, each one of the twenty-two freeholders takes his share of the debt. Besides 't is said their Honours give them, out and out, one hundred acres for a church.

(Enter the Lord and Lady of Pelham Manor and attendants. They take their places on the dais. Enter boys and girls singing. Freeholders and their families enter, pass before the dais and bow. Cries of welcome.)

**CROWD**: Long live the Lord and Lady of the Manor!

**VILLAGER**: Hush, he is rising to speak!

**JOHN PELL**: Welcome, Freeholders of New Rochelle. We rejoice in the recurrence of this day, which marks your adoption of America as your home.

Your coming was sorrowful, not only because of the cruel persecutions you endured, but because of your flight from your beloved France. But we have profited by your citizenship, and we are grateful to you for your frugality, industry and loyalty.

**L'ESTRANGE**: We humbly thank you for your welcome. It is a matter of common concernment with us that we shall prove our gratitude to our Maker and to our adopted country for freedom to worship as our conscience directs. Will you deign to accept from your



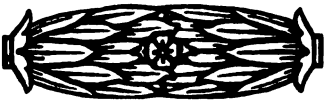
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loyal French tenantry this calf in pursuance of the conditions of our purchase of these acres that we now call home?

(The calf is led to the dais by two Frenchmen, then led away by the attendants.)

JOHN PELL: Lady Pell and I accept the gift with the fervent hope that we may long thus celebrate with you the 24th of June.

(Music as the Lord and Lady depart. Applause, throwing up of hats, waving farewells. All then scatter and exeunt.)





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# EPISODE IV.—*Scene Third.*

By MARGUERITE MERINGTON

## ASSEMBLING OF HUGUENOTS OF NEW ROCHELLE TO MARCH TO CHURCH IN NEW YORK

**SCENE:** New Rochelle.

**TIME:** 1693. An early morning.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED:**

A very Old Man
A very Old Woman
{Mme. Badeau
{Frederick Schurman, both of advancing years, but active Coutant, Allaire, Sicart, Bongrand; Cotheneau, Bonrepos, his children; Mme. Guion, her baby; a youngish woman accompanied by an Indian girl; a lad, a lass, others

(They enter, from different directions, singly, or by twos and threes, all but the very old and the very young prepared for the journey, carrying shoes and stockings, lunch baskets, psalm books and Testaments. One or two show signs of drowsiness, as if roused unwontedly early.)

**COUTANT:** Good morn, Sicart! How, think you, bodes the day
For our long march?



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SICART: (looks at sky) Clear skies, and cool!
COUTANT: That's good!
Hey, Cotheneau! What's new?
COTHENEAU: The governor
I wrote, relief to urge for our distressed,
Till looms be busy, and the seed bears fruit.
But—thrifty, pious folk as are they! soon
This New Rochelle will prosper like the old!
(The others assent. They talk together. A Girl, entering, sees a Boy who has fallen asleep, leaning against a tree. She shakes him.)
GIRL: Wake, sleepyhead!
BOY: (waking with a start) Eh?
GIRL: Time to start for church!
VERY OLD WOMAN: Just pinch him, now and then!
MME. GUION: Who'll mind my babe?
VERY OLD WOMAN: I'll mother it! Those twenty miles and back
'T wixt dawn and sunset are beyond my strength.
(The Young Woman consigns the baby to the care of the Old. Enter Father with Children clinging to him.)
CHILDREN: But father, whither go you?
BONREPOS: To New York,
To service at the Church of Saint Ésprit!
Meanwhile, be good. Your Bible lesson learn
From parables upon the pictured tiles
About the hearth! (Bids Children goodbye.)
(Woman enters, leading an Indian Girl, causing a slight excitement.)
SEVERAL: What's this: an Indian maid!
WOMAN (explaining): Her tribe came hither, on a cider spree.
I won her to our faith reformed. To-day



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I stay, the sick to tend, so she my place
Will fill, my shoes and stockings wear.

(Gives shoes and stockings to Indian Girl, who begins to put them on. Woman stops her.)

Not yet!
Not till you reach New York! There, by a pond,
You'll rest, your feet to lave and ready make
To seek the sanctuary fittingly!

(Mme. Badeau and F. Schurman meet and exchange greetings.)

**MME. BADEAU**: Well, Elder Schurman!
**SCHURMAN**: Mère Badeau! We twain
Still lead the flock by right of years, it seems!
**MME. BADEAU**: Aye. Christmas, Easter, Whitsun, Michaelmas—
Each Sacrament I fear may be my last!
**SCHURMAN**: One can't leave off too late.
**BOY**: Nor start too soon.
To-day my first Communion do I make!
**VERY OLD MAN** (hobbling up to Boy and proffering him a copper coin):
Here, lad. When says the minister, "The Poor
Forget not!" Drop this in the box for me—
A copper penny, my thank-offering
To Him who brought us, as from Babylon,
To this Rehoboth, here in peace to die!
**COUTANT**: Speaking of dying, Louis Bongrand here
Is giving land, some forty paces square—
**BONGRAND**: Just off the Boston Road, a quiet spot,
God's acre for the bones of Rochellese!

(In the midst of the pleasurable excitement evoked by this, Coutant, who has been speaking with Allaire, claps hands for silence.)

**COUTANT**: More news! Allaire, 't is you surveyed the place.
You tell it!

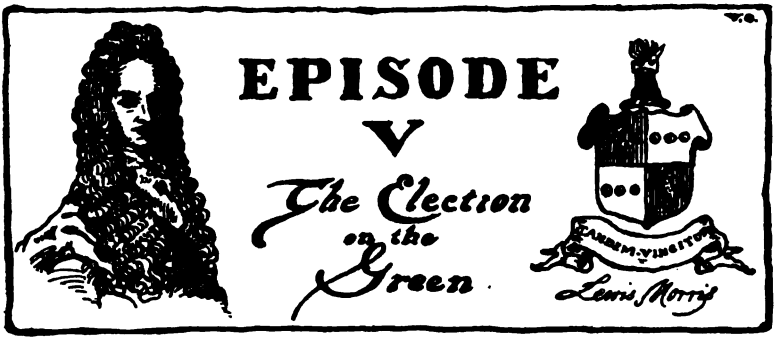


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**ALLAIRE** (Holding up document): Here's a deed—a grant
of land—
French Protestants of New Rochelle.
**SEVERAL**: Hear, hear!
**ALLAIRE**: Upon this spot we now may build a church!
**SEVERAL**: A church!
**OTHERS**: A temple of our own!
**ALLAIRE** (corroborating): True! Ground
We 'll break come morrow!
(All manifest great joy.)
**BOY**: I could shout for joy—
An 't were a weekday!
**VERY OLD MAN** (greatly moved): Heaven! Once again
To hear the Sabbath bell—It takes me back—
Across the seas—to France! (Breaks into silent
weeping.)
**SCHURMAN** (With authority): Fall into line!
(The marchers obey.)
We'll sing Marot's brave psalm, the Sixtieth.
**ALL**: Aye—the Sixtieth—"O Lord, Thou didst us clean
forsake
And scatter all abroad."
(The marchers go off, headed by Elder Schurman and Mme. Badeau, those who are to be left behind following to wave adieu, while joining in the singing.)



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LEWIS MORRIS (WHO INHERITED HIS ESTATE FROM HIS UNCLE, COLONEL LEWIS MORRIS, AND IN 1697 HAD IT ERECTED INTO THE "LORDSHIP OR MANOR OF MORRISANIA") WAS A MAN OF SPIRITED TEMPERAMENT and great talent; a bold and aggressive spirit, with a fine scorn of consequences. He was the son of a Captain in Cromwell's army, and born with the instincts of vigorous hostility to all despotism. It was this element in his character which led him thus in the zenith of his career to sacrifice his own high position in the cause of righteous resistance to official tyranny—an act which was the occasion of the first grand assertion of the principle of American freedom. After more than forty years of service in public affairs, on his expulsion from the bench Lewis Morris retired to private life; but the indignation of the people had been powerfully stirred by Governor Crosby's arbitrary proceedings and attempt at despotic power. Morris was regarded as a victim of tyranny and urged to stand as a candidate for the assembly at the coming election in October. He acceded, and offered himself for the suffrages of the Electors of Westchester County.

The resulting election which took place on October



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**29th, "on the Green," at the Town of Eastchester, was the most notable one in the whole Colonial history of the county. A graphic description of it was published in the first number of the famous New York Weekly Journal, November 5th, giving a vivid picture of the customs of the times.**

NOTE.

Born at Albany, though a thorough Dutchman, as his charming name so clearly indicates, Rip Van Dam was an old and respected citizen of New York. Pending the selection of a new Governor by the appointive power in England, he was vested with authority of acting chief magistrate.

This citizen-Governor continued to administer affairs for thirteen months, turning over his office in August, 1732, to the new Governor, William Crosby, upon his arrival from England.

From Rip Van Dam's accounts the new executive discovered, to his great disgust, that the pro tempore Governor had drawn the entire salary belonging to the position during the thirteen months of his administration. He demanded that Rip should return to him one-half of the salary thus taken, to which Van Dam very casually replied, that he would do so most gladly if the Governor on his part would relinquish one-half of the fees that he had pocketed before he had begun to perform any of the functions of his office after his appointment, but while he had still remained in England.

The Governor was determined to wring the money from Van Dam—and proceeded to erect a Court of Chancery for the trial. The assumption of such powers by former Governors had given rise to strong popular discontent. But Crosby did not scruple to stretch his authority to the uttermost. He designated three of the Supreme Court Judges as equity judges to act in the Van Dam prosecution, Frederick Philipse, James De Lancey, and the central figure of our present scene, Chief Justice Lewis Morris. To the amazement of the other two judges, Morris supported Van Dam's counsel in denying the legality of the court on the ground that it was a tribunal of irregular creation, and delivered a decision in favor of Van Dam.

This brought matters to a crisis, and Crosby deprived Morris of his office, by handing to the young James De Lancey a notice of his appointment as Chief Justice, August 21st, 1733.

A week later this first issue of the New York Weekly Journal came from the press. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed among all classes. The bells of the Old Dutch Church rang out a jubilant peal



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when the late Chief Justice, now Representative, landed in the City of New York on October 31st, and he was saluted by a firing of guns. The Election had been a spontaneous assembling of the people to register their votes and their protests in a great cause. From the remotest parts of the County had gone forth the word to gather on the Green at Eastchester.

The German printer Zenger, who attended the famous election as a self-constituted reporter, established in New York the Weekly Journal, and the daring opposition to the Governor's party manifested in its every issue led to remarkable consequences. His papers were pronounced seditions—and burned—and he was arrested on the charge of libel. For his defense the services of Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia, were secured, the greatest lawyer in the English colonies, who undertook the case without fee or reward—for if the Government could suppress freedom of speech and of the press by using the law of libel, it would be the end of liberty in the colonies. The great Quaker conducted the case, not according to any precedent, but according to the sound wisdom and the laws of the future.

After concluding his argument the honorable lawyer turned to the jury with a powerful peroration: "The question before the Court and you, gentlemen of the jury, is not the cause of a poor printer, nor of New York alone, which you are now trying. No! It may in its consequences affect every freeman that lives under British government on the main of America! It is the best cause, the cause of liberty, and I make no doubt but your upright conduct this day will not only entitle you to the love and esteem of your fellow citizens but every man who prefers freedom to a life of slavery will bless and honor you, as men who have baffled the attempt of tyranny, and by an impartial and uncorrupt verdict have laid a noble foundation for securing to ourselves, our posterity and our neighbors, that to which nature and the laws of our country have given us a right—the liberty of exposing and opposing arbitrary power....by speaking and writing the truth!"

The jury responded by an almost immediate verdict of acquittal. This verdict established forever the principle of liberty of the press in America. The spirit of political independence, which was an active force from that October day when the people of Westchester County assembled for the election on the Green, was one of the earliest foundations of the American Revolution.

Here is the account published at the time:

"The papers affixed to the Church of Eastchester and other public places, giving notice of the Day and Place of Election, had not mentioned any time of day—which made the Electors on the side of the late judge very suspicious that some Fraud was intended, and to prevent this about fifty of them kept watch upon and about the Green at



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Eastchester from 12 o'clock the night before till the morning of the Day. The other electors began to move the afternoon and the evening before—about midnight meeting at the house of William Le Court in New Rochelle. They were joined by about 70 horse of the Electors of the town part of the County—and proceeded towards the place of election in the following order, viz.: First ride two trumpeters and three violins, next four of the principal Freeholders, one of whom carried a banner, inscribed on one side in gold letters, "King George, and on the other, 'Liberty and Law.' Next followed the candidate, Lewis Morris, Esq., then two columns; and at sun-rising they entered upon the Green at Eastchester, followed by about 300 horse of the principal Freeholders of the County. After having ridden three times around the Green, they went to the house of Joseph Fowler and Mr. Child, who were well prepared for their reception.

About eleven o'clock appeared the candidate of the other side, William Foster, Esq., the schoolmaster. Next came the ensign borne by two of the Freeholders, then followed the Honorable James De Lancey, Esq., Chief Justice of the Province of New York, and the Honorable Frederick Philipse, Second Judge of the said Province and Bearer of the Exchequer, attended by about 170 horse of the Freeholders and friends of the said Foster and the two Judges, they entered the Green on the east side; and riding twice around it, their word was "No Land Tax."

"Cries of 'No Excise!' 'No Pretender!'"

"In about an hour the High Sheriff came to town finely mounted; the housings and holster caps being scarlet richly laced with silver. Upon his approach the Electors on both sides went into the Green—where they were to elect—and having read his Majesty's writ, bid the Electors proceed to a choice, which they did. A great majority appeared for Morris, upon which a poll was demanded, but by whom is not known; this was said by many to be done by the Sheriff himself.

"Morris several times asked the Sheriff upon whose side the majority appeared, but could get no other reply than that a poll must be had. Soon after, one of those called Quakers, a man of known worth and estate, came to give his vote for the late Judge. Upon this Foster and two others chosen by him to be inspectors, questioned his having an estate, and required the Sheriff to tender him the book to swear in due form of law. This he refused to do, but offered to make this solemn affirmation, which both by the laws of England and of this Province was indulged to the people called Quakers, and had always been practiced and never refused, but the Sheriff was deaf to all that could be alleged on that side, and, notwithstanding that he was told by the late Chief Justice and James Alexander, Esq., one of his Majesty's Council, and by William Smith, Esq., Councillor at Law, that such a procedure was contrary to law, and a violent attempt of the



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liberties of the people, he still persisted in refusing the said Quaker to vote, and in like manner did refuse seven and thirty Quakers more —men of known and visible estates.

"This Cooper, now High Sheriff of the said County, is said not only to be a stranger in that County, but not to have a foot of land or other visible estate in it. The polling had not long been continued before Mr. Edward Stephens did openly, in the hearing of all the Freeholders then assembled, charge William Foster, Esq., the candidate on the other side, with being a Jacobite and in the interest of the Pretender. This was loudly and strongly urged to Foster's face, who denied it to be true.

"About 11 o'clock that night the poll was closed, and it stood thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| For the late Chief Justice | 231 |
| The Quakers | 38 |
| | 269 |
| For William Foster, Esq. | 151 |
| The Difference | 118 |
| Total | 269 |

"So that the late Chief Justice carried it by a great majority without the Quakers.

"Upon closing the poll the other candidate, Foster, and the Sheriff wished the late Chief Justice much joy. Foster said he hoped the late Judge would not think the worse of him for setting up against him, to which the Judge replied he believed he was put upon it against his inclinations, but that he was highly blamable, and who did and should know better for putting the Sheriff, who was a stranger, and ignorant upon such matters, upon making so violent an attempt upon the liberty of the people (in the case of the Quaker)—which would expose him to ruin if he were worth 10,000 pounds, if the people aggrieved should commence suit against him.

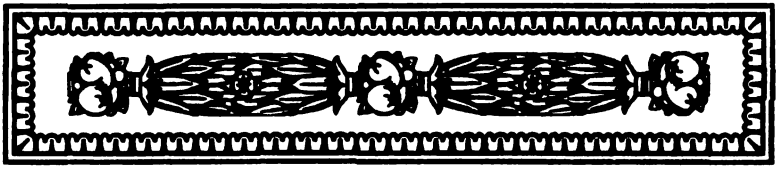
"The people made a great huzza, which the late Chief Justice blamed very much, as what he thought not right. Foster replied he took no notice of what the common people did, since Mr. Morris did not put them upon the doing of it.

"The indentures being sealed, the whole body of Electors waited on the new Representative to his lodgings with trumpets sounding and violins playing, and in a little time took leave of him, and this ended the electon to the general satisfaction.



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*"Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story*
*That I may prompt them; and of such as have*
*I kindly pray them to admit the excuse*
*Of time, of numbers, and due course of things*
*Which cannot in their huge and proper life*
*Be here presented."*

HENRY V.

# EPISODE V.

**By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS**

## "THE ELECTION ON THE GREEN"
## PREMONITIONS OF INDEPENDENCE

**SCENE: The Green, in front of the Church, Eastchester.**
**TIME: Daybreak, October 29th, 1733.**

**PERSONS REPRESENTED:**

**LEWIS MORRIS, Lord of the Manor of Morrisania, ex-Chief Justice and candidate for the Assembly.**
**JAMES ALEXANDER, one of His Majesty's Council.**
**WILLIAM SMITH, Councillor at Law.**
**COOPER, the High Sheriff.**
**WILLIAM LE COURT.**
**WILLIAM FOSTER, the Schoolmaster, the Governor's candidate.**
**THE HONORABLE JAMES DE LANCEY, Chief Justice of the Province of New York.**
**THE HONORABLE FREDERICK PHILIPSE, Second Judge of the said Province and Bearer of the Exchequer.**
**RIP VAN DAM.**
**JOSEPH FOWLER.**



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MR. CHILD.
OTHER PRINCIPAL FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY.
GROUP OF QUAKERS.
EDWARD STEPHENS.
FERRIS, A FARMER.
BAXTER, "
OTHER VOTERS.
ZENGER, the printer.

(Enter several groups of voters; Van Corlear, a lawyer, and Mr. Philipse, of the Governor's party, advance in consultation. A night-watchman on his last round, crosses rear, announcing the hour, "Sunrise and all's well." Ferris, a farmer, enters with four or five others.)

FERRIS (to Van Corlear): But why must we be here at daybreak?

VAN CORLEAR (drawing him aside): If a true vote of the whole County were taken, Morris would win. Therefore, our party, arriving early, finishes the election before his party arrives at all.

FERRIS (stoutly): The more I see of our party, the more I admire his!

(A farmer, Baxter, strolls out from a grove of trees, with others; he carries a lighted lantern.)

FERRIS (to Baxter): Hey! Your light's burning!

BAXTER (sleepily): So 't is! The Governor set no time for the election; so, fearing one of his tricks, we came at midnight to be in time to vote for Judge Morris.

PHILIPSE (to Van Corlear): Where 's the Sheriff? We



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must start the voting, lest worse befall. If we lose, the Governor will make it hot for all of us.

(Trumpets and violins are heard in the distance.)

**VAN CORLEAR** (angrily): The devil's in it! Here's Judge Morris himself!

**PHILIPSE** (craftily): The Quakers are all for Morris * * * (They talk.)

**BAXTER** (who has been talking with Ferris): The truth is, the Governor was for robbing Rip Van Dam out of hand, and Judge Morris, then Chief Justice, prevented him. Then the Governor appointed young De Lancey over Morris's head. So all we who love fair play are hot for the Judge. And we purpose in electing him Assemblyman to vindicate his character of just Judge, and to show that we will not put up with tyranny.

**FERRIS**: I am with you. (They shake hands.)

(Music. Enter, Lewis Morris on horseback in the procession of electors. They ride three times around the green and halt in a group. Joseph Fowler and Mr. Child advance to receive them. Cries of "King George" and "Liberty and Law." Then enter William Foster, the Governor's candidate, James De Lancey, Chief Justice, the Honorable Frederick Philipse, Second Judge, and procession of electors. Enter the High Sheriff, finely mounted.)

**WILLIAM FOSTER** (as music stops): Put the question, Sheriff, lest more of Morris's party come.

(During factional outcry and banter, the Sheriff rides down center, and commands silence. As



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quiet is restored, he reads aloud his Majesty's writ, and bids the electors proceed to a choice.)

**SHERIFF**: All in favor of Schoolmaster Foster, hold up their right hands! All those in favor of Judge Morris.

(It is evident by the show of hands that Morris has a majority. There are cheers and catcalls. Foster makes to shrink away.)

**SHERIFF**: Wait. (To a Quaker.) By what right do you vote?

**QUAKER**: I? Friend, it is my right. I am a landed proprietor.

**SHERIFF**: Then swear, and kiss the Book.

**QUAKER**: Nay; we Quakers may only affirm.

**SHERIFF**: Then , you shall have no vote here.

(Angry and pleased murmurs.)

**MORRIS**: Sheriff, this is against the usage of all civilized countries!

**JAMES ALEXANDER**: Such a proceedure is contrary to law, and a violent attempt of the liberties of the people.

(Other Quakers approach.)

**SHERIFF**: The Quaker vote is no vote. The Governor will back me. Once more: All in favor of Mr. Foster—— (Not so many hands.) All in favor——

(Morris is triumphantly elected. The crowd, cheering and tossing hats, press about Morris to shake his hand; but he holds it up for silence.)

**MORRIS**: I thank you. But here is no occasion for uproar. You cheer because for once the Right has the upper hand of Wrong. Rather ought we to hang our heads and be ashamed. Let us hold our breath until Justice is no longer rare in this Colony—until Justice is of so common occurrence as to excite no comment whatever. Then let all cheer.

(Cheers, shouts and great enthusiasm.)



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"  .  .  .  .  .  .  Things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to glow,
We now present  .  .  .  .  .  .  .
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living  .  .  .  .  ."

HENRY VIII.

## THE AMERICAN COLONY REACHES ITS MAJORITY AND COMES INTO ITS OWN AFTER THE GREAT STRUGGLE

### 1775-1783

THE SEVERAL SCENES DEPICTING THE PROGRESS OF THE EVENTS OF THE REVOLUTION—AS THEY CROSSED AND RECROSSED THIS "NEUTRAL GROUND" OF WESTCHESTER COUNTY—IN ORDER THAT THEY MAY MORE forcibly weave themselves into the solid fabric and powerful design of American Independence—should follow one another as rapidly and briefly as possible—a few words, in some of the most important points only, serving to throw further light upon the great Cosmic force at work.

It presents itself as a procession—scarcely broken—back and forth across the green stage—weaving a woof of brilliant color through a green warp.



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First—from north to south—the God of Battles hurls the shuttle. The news of Lexington—where "the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world," was received along the Boston Post road by the people of Westchester County, on Sunday morning, April 23d, 1775, from the express rider on his way to New York.

Washington rides through the Colonies (from Philadelphia to Cambridge) to take command of the people's army—"that noble figure which draws all eyes to it—that princely mien—that sincere and open countenance—that quickened the pulses of a crowd at the same time that it awed them, that drew cheers which were a sort of voice of worship."

Mrs. Washington follows him—with proper escort in her coach and four—black postillions in scarlet and white—all the way from Virginia to join her husband in his winter headquarters in Cambridge.

The Evacuation of Boston by the British occurred on November 17th, 1775, and after that victory, General Washington realized that New York would be the next important point of the contest, and that the command of the Hudson would mean the command of the whole continent; and while the Declaration of Independence was being determined upon by the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, Washington was proceeding with the work of organization and defence of New York—in April, 1776.

Toward the end of June, as has been seen, the British Fleet appeared in the Lower Bay, and the Provincial Congress removed to the White Plains.

## BATTLE OF THE WHITE PLAINS.

On August 22nd, General Howe put 20,000 men ashore, and on the 27th made an overwhelming attack, driving the Americans back upon Brooklyn Heights to



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their intrenched position. Washington withdrew to a strong position on Harlem Heights, where he successfully repulsed the enemy on September 16th, and on October 28th kept his ground before them at White Plains.

From his Camp at Scarsdale, General Howe marched early in the morning of Monday, October 28th, to fight what he supposed would be a decisive battle.

They stormed Washington's Lines drawn up on Chatterton's Hill—from which they expelled the Americans—but without further pursuing them. The loss on the British side being 233, and on the American side, 140.

After the victories in Massachusetts, General Washington recrossed the County in April, 1776, with the Continental troops, to organize the defence of New York—the key to the Hudson and the next point of attack.

June 30th—On the arrival of the British Fleet in the Lower Bay, the Provincial Congress of New York is ordered to remove to the White Plains. As an express from General Washington overtakes them they halt, and the house is called to order on horseback—and several resolutions passed.

July 11th—The Declaration of Independence is read aloud to the people in front of the Court House at the White Plains.

## THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ AND THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

On September 23d, 1780, Major André was captured near Tarrytown, on his way to the British Lines, by three members of a small scouting party.

André was taken by his captors to the nearest American post.

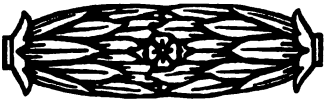
Evacuation Day—On the 14th of May, 1783, Westchester County was surrendered to the State Government by the withdrawal of the British garrison from Morrisania.



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**But it was not until Nov. 25th that the British troops evacuated New York.**

**Washington made his arrangements for taking possession of the city and having dispatched the troops for occupation of the outlying ports as they should be surrendered—he followed, attended by his staff, and joined by Governor Clinton and Lieutenant Governor Van Cortlandt.**





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# EPISODE VI.—*Scene First.*

By ELIZABETH BISLAND WETMORE

## THE PROVINCIAL CONGRESS ON HORSEBACK

**SCENE**: Westchester. **TIME**: Sunday, July 1st, 1776.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

Colonel Pierre Van Cortlandt, President
Captain Jonathan Platt
Zebediah Mills
Colonel Lewis Graham
Colonel Gilbert Drake
General Lewis Morris
John Jay
Gouverneur Morris
Jonathan G. Tompkins
Major Ebenezer Lockwood
Samuel Haviland
A Courier

(Enter body of horsemen, Pierre Van Cortlandt riding at the head of the troup. He turns, draws rein, and speaks.)

**VAN CORTLANDT**: Well, gentlemen, we shall soon be there. I confess—I shall be glad to see the town, as in the hurry of the morning I had no time for breakfast.

**PLATT** (Pulling at his stock): Nor had I, but there's a certain constriction of my throat that will not let me consider over-closely the complaints of my empty ribs.



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MILLS (Laughing): That same constriction of the throat feels like the pull of a rope, hey, Jonathan?

PLATT: Most uncommon like a rope!

GRAHAM: With King George's fleet in New York Bay, and 33,000 of his troops ready to land, all our necks are in a noose. If we cut not that noose with our swords we shall all be as dead men!

DRAKE: Lord save us! 'T is a solemn thought!

L. MORRIS (Lightly): Be not too solemn over it, Drake. Our heads are in too far now to get out save by fighting. Cold steel will save us from hemp.

(They all laugh. Enter from behind them a Courier on horseback, riding hard.)

COURIER (waving his cap): Hallo! Hallo! Are you gentlemen the Congress?

TOMPKINS: Yes, yes. What is it? Bear you news?

COURIER (dismounting and taking out papers): I bear despatches from General Washington. "These for the Congress," quoth his Excellency, "Whip and spur, and spare not your steed." I have come post-haste, without drawing rein.

VAN CORTLANDT (takes papers, glances over them): Gentlemen, 't is news that calls for instant action. General Washington has sure tidings of the fleet. The British will be in readiness to move their whole force within the week. Morris, call the Congress to order.

L. MORRIS: What! Here in the road?

VAN CORTLANDT: Certainly. 'T is men, not walls, that make the laws.

L. MORRIS: Gentlemen, please come to order.

(They range themselves in two ranks, facing Van Cortlandt.)

VAN CORTLANDT: Paulding, you will act as secretary.

(Plauding draws out tablets, and taking the bridle of his horse over his arm, proceeds to write.)



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**MILLS**: Mr. President, I move that there be some one appointed to see Norwood and Colonel Peter Curtenius, and get our lead and powder out of the City. We make a gift of them to the British else.

**LOCKWOOD**: He'll need some sturdy teams.

**VAN CORTLANDT**: Major Lockwood, you will impress all teams, carriages and boats within the hour. The danger is too great to brook delay.

**LOCKWOOD**: How if they object to give their teams?

**VAN CORTLANDT**: Captain Platt, order a detachment of horse from Captain Townsend's command to guard the stores, and enforce all orders of the Provincial Congress of New York.

**MILLS**: Money will be needed, too.

**VAN CORTLANDT** (to Samuel Haviland): Treasurer, what funds have we on hand?

**HAVILAND** (doubtfully, putting hand in breeches pocket and counting coin.) Here be some nine pounds, a pine-tree shilling, and four sixpences; but 't is the price of two hogs, a colt, and ten acres of land that I sold to Mills last week, and I doubt that the American Revolution has a right to take them from me, and give them back to Zebediah Mills!

**L. MORRIS**: 'T is cheaper than a rope and a funeral, Samuel.

**HAVILAND**: Lord! so 't is! Here Mills. But you might give me back one of the hogs, Zebediah!

**VAN CORTLANDT**: Gentlemen, if there be no further business of importance before the Congress, I will adjourn the meeting until the 8th day of July, in the White Plains Court House. Let us be moving. This business of lead and powder is a matter of great moment.

(They break ranks, and move forward.)

**G. MORRIS**: So ends the meeting of the Light Horse Congress of the Province of New York!

(They all laugh, and the Courier cries:)

**COURIER**: Down with King George!

(Exeunt.)



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# EPISODE VI.—*Scene Second.*

By ELIZABETH BISLAND WETMORE

## READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

**SCENE**: Steps of White Plains Court House.

**TIME**: July 11th, 1776.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED**:

General Nathaniel Woodhull, President of the 4th Provincial Congress
Congressmen
Townspeople

(A Crowd of Country People. Two files of Continental Soldiers drawn up on either side of steps.)

**FIRST COUNTRYMAN**: What's the news, Abe? Why are we called together?

**SECOND COUNTRYMAN**: Papers of importance from Philadelphia, they tell me. Congress wants to read 'em to us.

**FIRST COUNTRYMAN**: And that's right.

**GENERAL NATHANIEL WOODHULL**: Friends and Fellow-Countrymen! Despatches have arrived by courier from Philadelphia. Despatches of great moment to us all. Our delegates there assembled have issued a defiance to King George (hisses), and have drawn up a declaration of our independence from the Crown. (Loud cheers from the crowd. Cries of "Down with King George!" "Hurrah for the Colonies!") This declaration will be read to you. (Cries of "Read! Read!") (General Woodhull lifts his hand in a gesture asking silence.) But first, my



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friends, I wish to impress upon you the great importance of this moment. Did I not hear a cry of "Hurrah for the Colonies?" Well, friends, we are no longer Colonists. We to-day are not Colonies. We are a Nation. (Loud cheers.) We are no more subjects of King George. We are American Citizens!

(Prolonged cheering. Men shake hands with each other, and fling up their caps.

GENERAL WOODHULL (to Clerk): The Secretary will read to you, my Fellow-Countrymen, this great document. It is the Charter of our liberties. It supersedes the Magna Charta wrested ages ago by the Barons of England from King John on the field of Runnymede.

(General Woodhull steps on one side. Clerk comes forward and reads.)

CLERK: When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of those ends, it is the Right of the People to institute a new Government, laying its foundations on



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such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

We, Therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the Good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent States they have full power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, We mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honour.

(Again, long cheering. General Woodhull steps forward again.)

GENERAL WOODHULL: Friends! You have heard. There is now no going back. Every movement must be forward. Promise me, Men and Women of Westchester, that, however long or terrible may be the struggle, your hearts will not fail you until we stand great and free among the Nations of the Earth!

(Cries of "Forward! Forward! We Promise.")

GENERAL WOODHULL: Then God defend the Right! Long live these United States of America!

(Exit.)



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*"Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,*
*Let him cry "Praise and glory on his head!"*
*For forth he goes, and visits all his host.*
. . . . . .
*Upon his royal face there is no note*
*How dread an army hath enrounded him;*
*Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color*
*Unto the weary and all-watched night,*
*But freshly looks, and overbears attaint*
*With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;*
*That every wretch, pining and pale before,*
*Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;*
*A largess universal, like the sun,*
*His liberal eye doth give to every one,*
*Thawing cold fear.* . . . . . "

HENRY V.

# EPISODE VI.—*Scene Third.*

**By PRESSLEY BISLAND**

## THE BATTLE OF WHITE PLAINS

### Part I.

**SCENE: Camp near Washington's headquarters at the White Plains.**

**TIME: Oct. 28th, 1776.**

**PERSONS REPRESENTED:**

**American Officers:**

**General Washington in command**
**Colonel Haslet of Delaware troops**
**Colonel Brooks of Massachusetts militia**
**Colonel Smallwood of Maryland troops**

**Veterans of Battle of Long Island:**

**Colonel Webb of Connecticut troops**
**Colonel Ritzema, Third N. Y. Regiment and**
**Captain Alexander Hamilton, commanding two pieces of artillery**

**American soldiers—British and Hessian soldiers.**



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(American soldiers enter, out of ranks, stand and sit in groups, no officer being present.)

**FIRST SOLDIER**: And so, if we submit, the King will grant a pardon to us all.

**SECOND SOLDIER**: 'T is true, I 've heard. Lord Howe himself, 't is said, made the proclamation when landing on our shores. The King, by his report, will graciously let bygones be forgotten if we will stack our arms, submit and swear allegiance to the Crown.

**THIRD SOLDIER**: A pretty crown indeed to our endeavours.

**FOURTH SOLDIER**: A short cut to longevity and tempting withal, when bayonets and bullets are the alternative, I say. If my reckoning 's not wrong, before this day's business ends, a higher Court will find us seeking pardon there.

**THIRD SOLDIER** (laughing): The "Bashful New Englanders," who, at Hart's Corners, this forenoon, so nimbly saved their skins by the better part of valour and a ducking in the Bronx, had in mind, no doubt, a summons from that Higher Court.

**FIFTH SOLDIER** (turning sharply): Who speaks of pardon, and of courts? Remember "Brother Jonathan's" words: "No doubt we all need Heaven's pardon for our manifold sins and transgressions, but the American who needs the pardon of His Britanic Majesty is yet to be found. (General cries of approval from the men: "Three cheers for Jonathan Trumbull.") Attention, men—the General comes!

(Men stand at attention. Enter all the American officers.)

**GENERAL WASHINGTON**: Soldiers, the enemy is near at hand. Soon, on the slopes of this hill, you will encounter his fire. He comes buoyed by the hope of inflicting a blow that will end the campaign and make us sue for peace. I conjure you by the love you bear



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your Country, by your concern for her liberty, and by your regard for the safety of those dear to you to display that spirit of bravery becoming the cause in which you are engaged. Brave and gallant action now may prove the turning point in our affairs, and lead to peace and liberty. (Turning to Colonel Haslet.) What is the number of our men, Colonel?

**COLONEL HASLET**: In all, 1800, sir. Keen for the fight and unfearful of the odds.

**GENERAL WASHINGTON**: And the enemy's forces? Know you how many?

**COLONEL HASLET**: Reports vary, sir. From four to seven thousand, 't is said. The "Bashful New Englanders" report the higher number.

**GENERAL WASHINGTON** (laughing): Like Falstaff's men in buckram, let us hope. Perhaps their fears have multiplied the enemy, but we'll meet them when they come, though they be seven thousand strong. Our danger's great, the greater therefore should our courage be. (To Captain Alexander Hamilton.) Is your artillery placed, Captain?

**CAPTAIN HAMILTON**: Advantageously, sir. Shotted with grape and bravely served. Two field-guns only compose my battery, yet for the execution it will do, I pledge my word.

**GENERAL WASHINGTON**: The odds are great, but we must stay the enemy here, and thus divert an attack upon the entrenchments. If this is done, though we retreat, the day we may count won. Officers, deploy your men, and if retreat be forced, let it be slow, orderly and to the intrenchments.

(American forces withdraw to meet the enemy on another part of the hill.)

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## Part II.

### ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

**British Officers:**

General Lord Howe (in command)
General Sir Henry Clinton
General de Heister
General Leslie and
Colonel Rahl of Hessian troops

(British and Hessian forces enter. General Lord Howe commanding.)

**GENERAL LORD HOWE:** The enemy have retreated to their intrenchments, where they are strongly fortified. Pursuit seems not expedient at this juncture. Our loss is great, our men are worn by the fatiguing climb. Our wounded call for our attention, and the valiant dead must be laid at rest. Therefore, we will move to a spot more favorable for the night's encampment, and there hold further counsel. Officers! withdraw your men beneath the hill to the westward, and there let proper honors be shown to those who have fallen to-day in the cause of His Gracious Majesty.

(British and Hessian forces withdraw.)



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# EPISODE VI.—*Scene Fourth.*

By PRESSLEY BISLAND

## THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ

**SCENE**: Albany Post Road, just north of Tarrytown, and hard by a small brook.

**TIME**: Sept. 23rd, 1780.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED**:

Three American scouts, reconnoitering for cow-thieves:
John Paulding
David Williams
Isaac Van Wart
Major André, Adjutant-General of the British Army
(Van Wart on guard. Paulding and Williams seated, playing cards in the edge of the woods.)

**VAN WART**: A dry business this, I say.

**PAULDING**: How now. What ails thee?

**VAN WART**: Aye! Ale's the word! My throat's as dry as your powder-horn. This cow-thief hunting provokes a thirst. A pot of ale would stir my ardor for the patrol.

**WILLIAMS**: We are at the rubber. When 't is played we'll cut this place, and move towards Tarrytown, and quench our thirst.

**VAN WART**: What were the orders?

**PAULDING**: To patrol the road.



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VAN WART: Were they specific as to the point on the road?

PAULDING: No! Just the road generally.

VAN WART: Then to my thinking, nearer the town 's the place. 'T is lonely here. These cow-thieves oft frequent the settlements, I'm told. Let 's hunt them there.

(Paulding and Williams rise and shoulder their guns.)

VAN WART: Look! A horseman comes, and see—he wears boots. We must stop him.

(Major André approaches on horseback. Paulding levels his gun at him.)

MAJOR ANDRÉ (saluting): Gentlemen! God bless you! I hope you are of our party.

PAULDING: What party?

ANDRÉ (hesitating): The lower party.

PAULDING: 'T is ours.

ANDRÉ: I am glad to meet you, gentlemen. My name is John Anderson. My business is particular. You will not detain me long, I trust. (He pulls out his watch to impress them with the fact that he is a gentleman.) Time flies. I must hurry on.

PAULDING: Dismount. We are Americans.

(André, laughing boisterously to disguise his terrible mistake.)

ANDRÉ (to Paulding): Now, Heaven be thanked, you are true Americans! Sir, your green German yager coat led me to think you of the British forces. My deception has discovered you as friends. 'T was but a ruse I played to test you. I may then confess I am an officer of the Continental Army. My business at Dobbs Ferry lies, to get information of the enemy. Observe my pass from General Arnold. I must hasten on my way. My orders were imperative.

(Presents pass from General



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Arnold, which Paulding reads aloud.)

PAULDING: "September 22, 1780.

"Headquarters,

"Robinson's House.

"Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the Guards "to the White Plains, or below, if he chooses, he "being on public business by my direction.

"B. Arnold,

"Major-General."

PAULDING: You tell two tales, my friend! Dismount! Bear you any letters?

ANDRÉ (dismounts): No! none!

PAULDING (to Williams and Van Wart): Search him.

(Williams and Van Wart search his clothing thoroughly.)

VAN WART (to André): Sit down!

ANDRÉ (sitting down): This is an indignity, gentlemen. You only bring trouble on yourselves by this. To disregard the General's pass is a grave matter.

(Williams removes André's boot, and Van Wart his stocking, revealing the traitorous documents from Benedict Arnold, which Van Wart hands to Paulding, since he is the only one of the three who can read.)

PAULDING (scans the papers and puts them in his pocket, exclaiming): This man is a spy! These papers that he bears betray our stronghold at West Point, with all its men and stores. The hand of treason wrote these lines. 'T is God's Providence that we seized them.

(André replaces his boot and stocking, and rises. Van Wart and Williams cover him with their guns.)



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**ANDRÉ:** My watch to you, sir (to Paulding), and a hundred guineas, gentlemen, to each of you, if you but pass me to the British lines. Accompany me thither and honors shall be yours, and wealth for all your days.

**PAULDING:** Not for ten thousand guineas shall you stir one step to liberty. By heavens, no! Remount! To Sand's Mill and captivity you go!

(André remounts and Van Wart leads his horse, followed by Paulding, and Williams, with their guns in readiness.)





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# PEACE

*"And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a Kingdom, that all people, nations and languages should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."*

[*Anne Hutchinson's quotations at her trial in Boston*]



**N A DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF WASHINGTON IRVING, DELIVERED ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH IN 1860, BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, CALLS** attention to the fact that Irving was born on April 3, 1783, but a few days after the news of the treaty with Great Britain. "He opened his eyes to the light just in the dawn of that Sabbath of peace which brought rest to the land after a weary seven years' war. It seems fitting that one of the first births of the new peace, so welcome to our country, should be that of a genius as kindly and faithful as peace itself, and destined to make the world better and happier by its gentle influences." Bryant rejoices that we have had such a writer as Irving "to bridge the chasm between the two great nations"—



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that an illustrious American lived so long in England, and was there so deeply loved, and strove so successfully to bring the two peoples into a better mutual understanding, and to heal them of the prejudices of little minds. The work assigned to Irving, in the very quality and structure of his own mind and heart, was a work of peace and brotherhood.

In 1832 Irving returned from his appointment as Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James, with all the trophies he had won in the fields of literature and diplomacy he lay at his country's feet. The rejoicing on his return was universal that one who had represented us so illustriously abroad was henceforth to live among us.

All the country was moved to meet him at his coming. The public banquet in New York was long remembered for its brilliancy, and the most eminent citizens were there assembled to do him honor.

But Irving shrank from great public functions—and thus it is in the seclusion of his own beloved Sunnyside, on his return from the Court of Spain in 1846, that he is represented in this closing scene of the Pageant—"among the guests star-scattered on the grass"—an imaginary gathering of the literary men of the day, and of his nearest and dearest friends and connections.

In speaking of the influence of Irving's work upon American literature Bryant further adds:

"Those whom we acknowledge as our poets appeared in the world of letters and won its attention after Irving had become famous. I look abroad on the stars of our literary firmament, some crowded together with their minute points of light in a galaxy—some standing apart in glorious constellations: I recognize Arcturus and Orion and Perseus and the glittering jewels of the Southern Crown and the Pleiades shedding sweet influences: But the Evening Star, the soft and serene light that glowed in their van, the precursor of them all has sunk below the horizon."

Yet, it is not the stars which have sunk to inactive rest. They ever move majestically in their courses through the Heavens. It is we who have revolved away from them. But now, once more, in our Eastern sky we see them blaze—announcing the coming of the Dawn. Look Eastward!



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# EPISODE VII.

By RUTH McENERY STUART

## WASHINGTON IRVING AT SUNNYSIDE

**Receiving distinguished guests on the occasion of his home-coming after his Important Diplomatic Mission as United States Minister to the Court of Spain in the year 1846.**

**SCENE:** "Sunnyside," at Irvington.

**YEAR:** 1846.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED:**

WASHINGTON IRVING.
DONALD G. MITCHELL (Ik Marvel).
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.
GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM (publisher).
JAMES HARPER (Senior member Harper and Brothers, Publishers).
DANIEL WEBSTER.
EDGAR ALLAN POE.
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
N. P. WILLIS.



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GEORGE BANCROFT.
JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.
LEUTZE (the painter).
GEORGE SUMNER.
GEN. JOHN C. FRÉMONT.
CLARK (of the Knickerbocker Magazine).
JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.
PIERRE M. IRVING.
GEN. JAMES WATSON WEBB.
REV. JAMES SELDEN SPENCER.
GEORGE D. MORGAN.
EDWARD S. JAFFRAY.
HON. MOSES H. GRINNELL.
MRS. MOSES H. GRINNELL.
FREDERICK SWARTOUT COZZENS (of Yonkers, who visited him).
RIP VAN WINKLE.
HEINRICH HUDSON.
HIS CREW.

(Irving enters from the left, smiling, both hands extended to greet the guests who, entering from right, meet him in the center of stage. Here come, in groups, Putnam, Irving, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow and others—the lad, Edmund Clarence Stedman, at Bryant's side.)

IRVING: Well, well! This is a pleasure! Who but you, dear Mr. Putnam—

PUTNAM: Only too proud, too proud, my dear Diedrich Knick—

IRVING: Sh! None o' that, my friend! Bless his heart, and here is Ik Marvel, the young man who wrote my reveries for me. How did you know about an old



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bachelor's reveries? And this—how delightful—this is Mr. Bryant, too, and these young—

**BRYANT**: My hand to you, dear Mr. Irving. These two young men I beg the honor of presenting. This tall young poet with the "Nevermore" expression in his deep eyes is Edgar Allan Poe—and the lad beside me is my friend, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Ned, for short. He was dying to take your hand, and I fetched him in (Stedman timidly extends his hand, to Mr. Irving) He knows all our lines by heart, and, by the way, he craves your autograph. I should n't be surprised if he would be writing us all up, some day.

**IRVING**: My autograph? Why not! Bless his curly head! And you Mr. Poe, we all know. The tintinnabulation of your ringing reputation has been running through my old head this twelvemonth. Any scribe can put bells into his verse, but, begad, not one in a thousand can make them ring!

**POE**: (bowing low in embarrassment) If my bells ring true, Mr. Irving, your pure English undefiled has been my tuning-fork.

**IRVING**: Aptly said, sir, aptly said. Please look at Oliver Holmes over there, whispering one of his *mots* into Emerson's ear. See them look up—yes, we're talking about you two. He can't hear what you're saying, Holmes. He's up in the heavens. Gad, but its good to see you both!

(The last of these words are lost in the general hum, as more guests arrive and take their places on the lawn, for the dance, Mr. Irving and his friends looking on. When the dance is over, the dancers come and join the distinguished company gathered in-



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formally about the table—some seated and others declining seats and standing in groups.)

COOPER: (when the arrangement is complete, lifting his glass from his place opposite Irving) Ladies and gentlemen. It is my privilege to propose a toast to our most distinguished living American! First in citizenship, he represents the best we have in social America, and the open door of his mansion fashioned for hospitality, is the true type of that noble institution, an American home.

First in literature, inasmuch as it is through him that we are all honored today in the prestige of old-world recognition. If Sydney Smith were with us to-day, poor Smith, he could not say, with a shrug, "Who ever reads an American book?"

First in statesmanship, he returns to our welcoming shores crowned with laurels more honorable than the scars of battle—laurels won in the tranquil halls of friendly arbitration in the holy cause of peace. And so, friends, let us drink to the health of OUR FIRST LIVING AMERICAN.

(The toast is drunk—then calls for Mr. Irving.)

IRVING: Ladies, fellow-citizens, friends: I feel almost like saying Gentlemen of the Jury! I am deeply touched by your arraignment, and to your charge, I am constrained to plead the ordinary prisoner's defense: "Not guilty!" I find myself charged to-day, in this council of my friends, with three offences against my betters. (bowing to his guests.)

As to the first charge, I must oppose dissent. A bachelor's home at its best is only a bachelor's home, an anomaly. A citizen's pride is to rear sons to the State and as I have failed in this—

Secondly, "First in Literature"—my friends, I blush in confusion, in this goodly company. No bat-



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tle of words can settle such a matter as this. Like other great questions, it can best be decided by arbitration—and Time must be our arbiter.

And now, for the third accusation, "First American Statesman." I plead again "Not guilty," and from the quizzical lift of that eyebrow in the direction in which I am looking, I fancy that Mr. Daniel Webster will agree with me. No, my friends, if by my feeble endeavors, I have reared a temple of fame for myself, however slight, please observe that I have recklessly built it in the land where my largest holdings have ever been—in Spain—it is only a chateau en Espagne!

(Irving joins in the laughter which follows.)

**HOLMES**: If there's one thing I like, it is to see a man enjoy his own jokes.

**IRVING**: It cost me dear once, though. I was walking the London streets when an Irish beggar woman accosted me. "Ach, and God bless your merry face!" said she. "You're not one to refuse a poor widdy a sixpence!" Well, the smallest coin in my pocket happened to be a guinea—and she got it! Served me right for laughing at my own thoughts!

**LONGFELLOW**: A man who can do that, Mr. Irving, can never be lonely.

**IRVING**: Not so long as his jokes hold out, no.

**LOWELL**: Well, you certainly built well for America in Spain, Mr. Irving. Better than I could have done, myself. May Spain never have reason to doubt the sincerity of America's peace-policy.

**IRVING**: Truly, I hope not. That's where I'm going when I die—to Spain. As soon as I'm fairly disembodied, I hope to don my filmiest wings and flit between the remains of the old Alhambra and my dear woods here at "Sunnyside."

**HOLMES**: Where you are never lonely?



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**IRVING**: Never. You see I am really wedded to my muse. And my children—

**ANOTHER GUEST**: Do they satisfy, as others, these imaginary—

**IRVING**: Satisfy? How may a childless man know? They delight me—that I know—and they come at my bidding.

**HAWTHORNE**: I suppose you ring the bells of imagination, and—

**IRVING**: Yes, you know the way, Nathaniel. I may not have your bells or young Poe's—but such as they are, they are mine.

**HARPER**: If we who print your work could only see you do it, gentlemen! Genius in action—what a vision! Now, Mr. Irving, do you mean to say that your headless horseman, for instance, is a cheerful companion?

**IRVING**: He is mine own—and he amuses me. Yes, I like him because he can't inherit my headaches. If you will all stop your clatter a moment, I'll see what I can do with my imagination's bells. They are a shy lot, my children, but we'll see.

(He commands silence, then, and turning toward the woods, lifts his arms, at which a number of bells are heard clearly tinkling among the trees, and out from the shadows come trooping old Rip Van Winkle, followed at a distance, by Heinrich Hudson and his crew. Rip comes up to Irving, extending his hand.)

**IRVING**: (who has advanced to meet Rip) Let me present Rip Van Winkle, my friends, one of the children.

**RIP**: Yes, dot's my fodder—or maybe my god-fodder. Come here, Schneider, come vag your tail for—Where is dot dog Schneider? (looking back into woods.)



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WILLIS: We were just getting ready to drink a toast, Rip.

RIP: Yes, I heard you.

WILLIS: We hadn't mentioned it yet. We were just thinking about it.

RIP: I know, I heard you t'inking about it. I was schleepin' und it waked me up. I heard you schpeakin' about peace—uniwersal peace. I schwore off already, I don't drink no more, but dis time don't count; I drink to dot 'uniwersal peace'—in de house!

A GUEST: Peace in the house? Then you would have the women silent? No women voting, for you?

RIP: Don't dey go out to wote? Yes, let dem wote. Efery day Election day. Den I stay home.

(The dwarfs have come up by this time.)

ANY GUEST: And who are these behind you, Rip?

RIP (turning): Can't prove it by me! Dey don't converse—but dey drink all right! (All the dwarfs nod).

GUEST: Give them glasses then, and let us change our toast, in honor of these denizens of the forest. We have with us to-day the tender poet of "The groves—God's first temples."

(Calls for Mr. Bryant.)

BRYANT: Ladies, gentlemen—Rip Van Winkle and the Mystical Crewe of Heinrich Hudson—shall I say Ladies, gentlemen and ghosts! We all love Rip, the adorable, and his mystical crewe, but as types, they are hardly elements in universal peace. So, let us make this toast in their honor. To sylvan life the world over, from Eden down through all the forests of history and romance, but on this distinguished occasion, we toast especially this beautiful county of Westchester—with all its residents and guests, past, present and future.

(After this toast, Mr. Irving turns,



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lifts his arms and at the sound of the forest-bells, Rip and the crew run back and disappear in the woods.)

**IRVING:** One more toast before parting, my friends: I would that, from the sweet harmony of this tender occasion, which, I assure you, has kept the tears under my lids from the beginning,—would that we might send one word as its dominant note down the ages. That sacred word is **PEACE**. Perhaps the tenderest words ever spoken by divine lips were "My peace I leave with you." Let this, then, be our watchword—**PEACE**. My toast is (lifting his glass) to the **DAWN** of **UNIVERSAL PEACE**.

(Here all the participants in the Pageant, each of the six previous episodes in a separate group, enter the field, from right and left alternately, and range themselves behind the group of actors of this last episode)

Down an open avenue in the center ride a group of horsemen bearing the flags of all Nations at the last conference at the Hague, headed by the white bordered Flag of Peace.

All join in singing The Netherlands Hymn of Thanksgiving.

So we complete the Cycle.

And so the Pageant closes as it opens—

**AT THE HAGUE.**

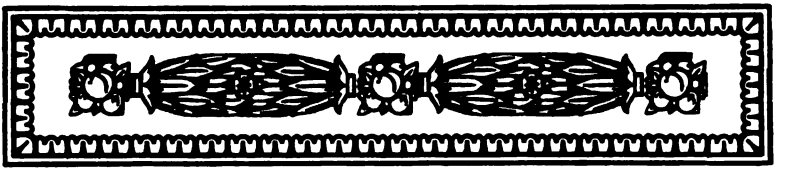


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NOTE: The White-bordered "Ensign of Liberty and Peace" used in the Pageant is kindly lent by Dr. Robert S. Freedman of the League of Peace.



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## VERSES FROM JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE'S POEM "THE BRONX"

I sat me down upon a green bank-side,
Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,
Whose waters seemed unwillingly to glide,
Like parting friends who linger while they sever;
Enforced to go, yet seeming still unready,
Backward they wind their way in many a wistful eddy.

There were dark cedars with loose mossy tresses,
White powdered dog-trees, and stiff hollies flaunting
Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses,
Blue pelloret from purple leaves upslanting
A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden
Shining beneath dropt lids the evening of her wedding.

The breeze fresh springing from the lips of morn,
Kissing the leaves, and sighing so to lose 'em,
The winding of the merry locust's horn,
The glad spring gushing from the rock's bare bosom:
Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds excelling,
Oh! 'twas a ravishing spot formed for a poet's dwelling.

Yet I will look upon thy face again,,
My own romantic Bronx, and it will be
A face more pleasant than the face of men.
Thy waves are old companions, I shall see
A well-remembered form in each old tree,
And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy.



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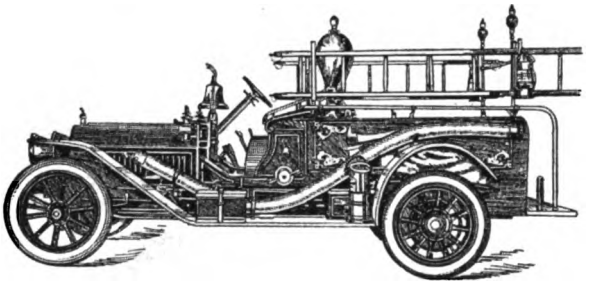
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